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CONTENTS.

THIS WEEK.....	305	EDITORIAL ARTICLES:	
NOTES:		The Probabilities of War in Europe.....	314
Literary.....	308	Legislative Corruption.....	315
Philanthropy in America and in Europe.....	309	Our Love of Luxury.....	316
North American Review for April.....	310	Paris Gossip.....	317
Notes on the New Edition of Webster's Dictionary.....	312	Crete.....	318
Hand-books of Iowa and Minnesota, with Maps. Guide Map for Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, etc.—The Artist's Married Life.—The American Law Review.....	313	FINE ARTS:	
		Notes of Painters and Pictures.....	319
		CORRESPONDENCE:	
		Prussian Economy.....	330
		The Nest-Building Apes.....	330

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The Week.

THE Senate remains hard at work at the appointments till the last moment. It is apparently, in spite of Mr. Motley's resignation, impossible to oust him, as Mr. Johnson is unable to find any one fit, in the eyes of the Senate, to take his place. Considering the circumstances under which the vacancy was created, it is to be hoped, for the sake of the country, that his resignation may not take effect. Mr. Raymond, of *The Times*, would fill the post well; but the man whom Mr. Johnson is bound to nominate, in all decency, is George McCracken. If this gentleman is a fit and proper person to inspect the whole corps of American diplomatists, and make reports to Washington on their walk and conversation, he is certainly fit for a first-class mission, and the President is bound to give him one.

WE are all so much inclined, in view of the present hope of a speedy reconstruction, and a reconstruction from the foundations, to let bygones be bygones, and to forgive and forget whatever may have been wrong in the conduct of the Southern whites, that we shall be in danger of condemning too severely the negroes who, it is possible, have been perpetrating some high-handed crimes in Southern Georgia. But if it is true that negroes "in one county" (name not given) have broken open the jails and allowed negro prisoners to escape, and "in another county" (name not given) have hung men to trees by the roadside; and "in Southern Georgia" generally have revived "the wildest days of St. Domingo," let us recollect that there are numbers of white men "in Southern Georgia" who, since the negroes were emancipated, have, first and last, drunk and sober, killed without compunction from one to half a dozen negroes apiece. There are some young men in Central Georgia who, if even they are living now, cannot and ought not to expect to live more than a month or two longer. They are known to whites and blacks

as wanton murderers. As for the jail deliveries, the negroes, as Dr. Nott says, are an imitative race. It used to be white mobs that took negro prisoners out of jail. Hanging the most notorious of the white ruffians to trees by the roadside is, we fear, even more certainly impolitic on the part of the negroes than it is wrong; but that we should have much reason to be surprised if the thing were done no one can pretend to say who considers the customs of the Southern country. As for "St. Domingo," it comes as naturally to the mouth of the Southern cavalier when his pen is in rest as "St. Iago" to the mouth of a Castilian bent on slaughter; it is a war-cry and no more, and a war-cry that is not believed in by the men who kill under it. Fortunately, Georgia is just now in pretty good hands, and much may be learned by both blacks and whites before the working of the new system is left entirely to them.

THERE is no doubt that the House will vote the money to pay for Russian America, and that we may be said to own that region. Our title is without encumbrance, too, though it was supposed to be saddled with reservations in favor of certain English and Russian trading and trapping companies. From the best accessible information we gather that we have got some very large and more or less valuable forests of pine and spruce; probably we have got some coal mines, be the same great or small; possibly—to this question no one of his own knowledge can say yes, and no one can say no—we have got some mines of gold and silver and copper; the fisheries we have got as much as we had before, and no more, for the fisheries of that region are out at sea, and after we have caught our fish we must take them to California or Oregon to cure them, for on that rainy coast the weather is too moist for drying fish. Senators Ferry and Fessenden, it is said—the ratification was done in secret session, and no one is supposed to know how senators voted—voted against ratifying the treaty. Mr. Nye is reported to have said frankly that the people would not forgive the Republican party if, when so big a slice from another man's farm was offered, it was not snapped at. So, to get hold of more land, to cut away the ground from beneath Mr. Seward's feet, and for other such reasons, the Senate voted aye, and we are lords of a colony. We are lucky that as yet we have no colonists. But they may come in time; if not in this, then in other dependencies, which will be all the easier of acquisition now that we have set ourselves this example.

WE urged, at a very early period in the discussion on reconstruction, the vital importance of making some legislative provision for the education of the freedmen who were about to be invested with the electoral franchise, and expressed our strong sense of the danger of overlooking the political value and even political necessity of knowledge in a country like this. At that time, however, the mention of anything but the ballot being necessary for the regeneration of the Southern negroes was treated in many quarters as proof of unsoundness or lukewarmness. Now, however, at the eleventh hour, when the country is weary of the reconstruction question, and ready to dismiss it as settled, Mr. Sumner is asking to have the Southern States forced to provide popular education. Mr. Phillips is supporting him in *The Anti-Slavery Standard*, and Mr. Beecher is lecturing on the political necessity of education. We are glad of it, but we wish it had come in time. A year ago the ballot was talked of as if you had only to give a South Carolina freedman a ticket to enable you to get from him a clear *précis* of Aristotle's "Politics and Economics," and a lucid commentary on the American Constitution. We are satisfied that infinite harm has been done by the light and somewhat sneering way in which educa-

tion as a qualification for citizenship has been spoken of during the past two years, by men who ought to know better.

THE nominations of both parties for delegates at large to the Constitutional Convention of this State have a sinister appearance. It is a significant fact that the candidates at the head of the two tickets are partners in business. It is not less significant that one of them is the confidential agent of Commodore Vanderbilt, that George Law is on one ticket, and that the railroad interests are largely represented on both tickets; while the nomination of Mr. Prosser by the Republicans, and the desperate efforts of the canal men to get a larger representation, indicate that special claims are to be made for canal enlargement. It looks very much as though a combination of railroad and canal men would attempt to break down the salutary restrictions of the existing constitution upon the creation of public debts, and defeat any proposition intended to prevent the Legislature from throwing away valuable franchises, as it is now doing. We regret that suspicion should thus be fastened upon the convention at the outset; though it is possible that the very jealousy with which its doings will be watched may make the result of its labors more acceptable, by deterring the schemers from carrying out their plans.

THE New York *Tribune*, in a friendly mention of Henry Ward Beecher's name as a candidate for the New York Constitutional Convention, characterizes him as "positive and fallible." We hope modesty and infallibility will not, however, be generally exacted of the Republican delegates.

THE mistake of the New York Legislature in refusing to authorize equal suffrage at the election of the constitutional convention is already producing material results. The loyalists of Maryland justly claim that all citizens have a right to vote at the election of a convention soon to be held there; but the example of New York is an immense obstacle in their way. The cause is much indebted to Senators Low, Gibson, White, and others, as well as to Messrs. Pitts, Hoyt, and others in the Assembly, for their able support of the right doctrine. But the dead-weight of members unable to comprehend the law of the case, combined with the discreditable indifference of the leading Republican journals, was too much for the logic of the minority.

A GRANT of one side of Union Square, in this city, has been made by the Common Council to the Roman Catholics, for the erection of a building in which to hold a religious fancy fair. No other denomination would have asked for such a favor, and the Common Council confesses frankly that no other denomination would have received it. The building has raised the rate of insurance on the houses along the entire block, but the owners have applied in vain to the courts for an injunction. The experiment of Fenian government is, in fact, being tried in New York so thoroughly, that we cannot for the life of us imagine what causes the Brotherhood to risk their pence in trying to wrest Ireland from the British. When people can butcher policemen on Patrick's Day, and raise money for the church by blocking up the public streets, they must be great fools to go fighting for "liberty" elsewhere.

ALMOST every good cause which needs material aid has sustained a severe loss in the death of Mr. George L. Stearns, of Boston, which occurred last week. He was an enthusiastic reformer, one of John Brown's earliest and best friends, and one of the most liberal givers the country has ever had to every movement which commended itself to him as a movement in advance. Although he was for years an active worker in the anti-slavery cause, he was probably best known out of Massachusetts through his energetic labors in raising negro troops in Tennessee, and through a conversation he had with Mr. Johnson in the earlier days of that gentleman's backsliding on the subject of reconstruction, which at the time attracted considerable attention.

It is very much to the credit of an excellent public servant and

very much to the credit of the people of the First Congressional District of Rhode Island that the Hon. Thomas A. Jenckes has been for the second time re-elected without organized opposition. Out of 5,413 votes cast he received all but 101. Not to mention his other services, he deserves the thanks of every honest man and good citizen for his labors in the matter of the bill for fixing the qualifications of office-holders, a bill which he was almost successful in getting made a law, and which, we trust, he is not done with yet. It is the country and not he that is to be congratulated on his return to the House.

THE severest battle yet fought between the friends and enemies of legislation to enforce total abstinence from intoxicating liquors, or, to put it briefly, between Maine-law men and anti-Maine-law men, has just come to an end in Massachusetts. If, as some think, it resulted in defeat for the prohibitionists, the fact does not as yet appear; it may have been a Gettysburg, but it was not a Waterloo, and the defeated party will continue campaigning. The Legislative Committee, it is said, will make a majority report in favor of a license system, and if they do, we suppose it will be the effect of a change brought about in the minds of the committee by the argument of Mr. Andrew and the testimony of many witnesses; for a majority of the committee must have been friends of the "Maine Law." But whatever the report is, the Legislature, it is expected, will give the law another year of trial. The next Legislature may do the same thing, and it may not. For the temperance question will be likely to have some effect on the elections in Congressional districts as well as in the State at large.

THE State of Mississippi has been refused permission by the Supreme Court to file its bill for an injunction against the President. But the State of Georgia, which did not aim so high, and only asked to have General Grant and other commanders restrained, has got permission to file, so that the whole question of the power of the court and of the constitutionality of the Reconstruction bill will now be argued, but it is not likely that the court will pass upon the latter point. A denial of its own jurisdiction will probably relieve it of this necessity.

WE learn by telegraph that the ministry have carried the Reform bill in England by a small majority, after ineffectual opposition from Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Disraeli has given up the dual vote, which was the worst feature of his bill, and exhibited a readiness to give up anything else the House chose, which seems to have conciliated the majority. The real reason of Mr. Gladstone's defeat seems to have been the dislike of him as a leader felt by one portion of his own followers, coupled with the dislike of all reform felt by everybody except the extreme Liberals. A large section of the Liberal party are consequently willing to vote for any bill which bids fair to get the question out of the way, without too seriously damaging the present order of things. The exclusion of the "compound householders"—that is, of all who do not pay their poor-rate directly, but pay it in their rent—is, perhaps, that feature of the bill which makes it most objectionable to Liberals. The artisans of the large towns are generally "compound householders;" those of the small towns are apt to pay their rates directly, and are almost always inferior to the former in intelligence and independence. But in any event the bill will make a sufficient change in the electoral body to hasten another and more sweeping measure of reform.

THE "special correspondents" are hard at work at the Paris Exhibition, and their compositions already begin to lighten up the western horizon. One of them last week "came out of the innumerable crowd—the Malthusian world—in which the journalist ever moves" to "put his pen across the fulcrum of his inkstand," and heave up the great Exhibition into view. He then goes on to call Charles X. "a licentious and bloody Bourbon," Louis Napoleon a "crowned Barnum;" and, taking his stand on a bridge, makes all the remarkable men and women in France defile before him, describing them all by their *cartes de visite* except the Turkish ambassador, who evidently has not been photo-

graphed, as the correspondent makes him wear a "turban, cashmere, and scimitar," a costume which no Turkish official has worn for forty-odd years.

THE Franco-Prussian imbroglio remains much where it stood last week. Nothing has occurred to shake the opinion we expressed in our last number of the improbability of immediate war. The present excitement in France is due to the publication of the Prussian treaties with Bavaria, Baden, and Württemberg. These treaties were all signed last August, very soon after the battle of Sadowa, and create an alliance, offensive and defensive, giving Prussia the complete control of the South German armies in case of war. The treaty was communicated to Austria at the time, but it seems not to have reached the ears of the French Government. If the latter really knew of it, M. Rouher's speech in the Corps Législatif, in reply to M. Thiers, was a most extraordinary and barefaced attempt to deceive the French public, as in that speech he tried to make out not only that France was not afraid of Germany, but had no cause to be, inasmuch as the latter was more divided than before the war, and treated South Germany as really a separate state. It is hardly possible that all this can have been said with a knowledge of the real facts of the case, but, under the circumstances, most Frenchmen will consider ignorance as bad as lying. Bismark retorted by publishing the treaties, and the result is that the knees of the French nation are shaking as they have not shaken for fifty years. There is, however, not the least probability, in our judgment, that France will attack Prussia now, for the reason we gave last week, that in the present condition of the French army and armament the result would be pretty sure to be disastrous to France. The chances of Prussia taking the initiative we have discussed elsewhere. The probability that Bismark has "ordered" Louis Napoleon to disarm, as *The Tribune* has been trying to persuade people, is hardly worth discussing. Bismark would address no "order" to the French Government about the organization of its own army without putting the Prussian army in motion close behind the courier. Louis Napoleon may have been out-maneuvred, but the day has not yet come when a French monarch dare receive an insult like this without taking the field within a week. It is only on the stage that statesmen indite despatches of this kind.

THINGS in Italy are in a bad way. The failure of Parliament to supply a working majority to the ministry, or to develop, in fact, any marked capacity for either leading or being led, has led to a great deal of intriguing on the part of different factions. There is a Piedmontese faction which labors for the dissolution of the kingdom, and the restoration of the old Piedmontese autonomy; and there is a reactionary faction which seeks to induce the King to perform a sort of constitutional *coup d'état*, by availing himself of the provision of the constitution which permits him, on a pinch, to dissolve Parliament and govern for six months by royal decrees. To cast such a slur on parliamentary government at this moment, in a country in which it has just been established, would in all probability be fatal to it, and it would be a great calamity for the whole of Europe, as well as for Italy, if the attempt were made to dispense with it.

NOW.

Now, the sun is supposed to be in "Aquarius," and the Water-bearer, in consequence, seems to have forgotten that we need rain, for it is no end of weeks since he has fetched us a drop. Now, whoever goes into the woods expecting to find flowers will find none at all, unless by good luck, such as we had to-day, he come in a sunny corner upon some pallid hang-head adder's-tongues, or conclude to make shift with a few pussies from the willows. Now, in the country towns, where there is only one man who makes gardens, everybody is after him, and those who think they have secured him find to their sorrow that 't is their neighbor instead, who has inveigled him away over the fence with indefinite hints of higher pay. Now, fields are being ploughed, and early potatoes planted, and windows are left open in the middle of the day, and people go out in slippers to watch the gardener's progress, and coughs abound, and the doctors are busy. Now, the cocks and hens that have been shut up all winter are let out to scratch in any-

body's garden they can get into, and eggs are cheaper, and the tempers of people who do not like to see their fresh-sown lawns scratched up ten times or more a day are sorely tried, and even gentle women swear at the feathered trespassers. Now, Chaucer is read, and Milton's "L'Allegro," and more poetry than ever is sent to the magazines and newspapers. Now, the fat saucy robins, as big as pigeons, hop about over the newly-turned-up ground, and the bluebirds glance from tree to tree, and the steady little sparrows sing their chick-a-dee-dee as of old, and the wild-ducks glide in a pretty procession on the river, and the crows squabble in the woods, and, walking among the cedars, you send the whirling crowds of yellow-wing-tipped cedar-birds flying before you at every step. Now, the voice of the peeper is heard in the land, one of the sweetest, mournfullest sounds in nature, and the turtles bask by the hour on the rocks at the edge of the pond, and flies crawl about feebly in the sun, and spiders throw their mysterious threads across the roads, and the water-spider has begun his never-ending monotonous jerking dance on the pools in the woods. Now, the bird-fanciers thrive, and enthusiastic boys buy pigeons—pouters and fan-tails—and the girls get canaries, and even mocking-birds find credulous purchasers who fondly believe they can sing. Now, the hardware shops take in their coal-scuttles, and door-mats, and skates, and sleds, and put out refrigerators, and bathing-tubs, and rakes, and hoes. Now, the seed-shops are in their glory, and their windows are enchanting with azaleas, and cinerarias, and hyacinths, and Chinese primroses. Now, everybody begins to ask the price of spinach and lettuce, and finding how dear they are concludes to hang on to mashed potatoes and macaroni a week or two longer. Now, strawberries grown in hot-houses, with the flavor of cold potatoes, appear at the stylish restaurants, and are bought by over-rich people at twenty-five cents apiece; and young women of a credulous turn of mind buy rose-bushes in the city markets, full of buds, and believe they will open; and the first shad is sold for five dollars and goes to the gridiron as proud as St. Lawrence, and the shad-tree that waved him up stream with her white pocket-handkerchief sighs when he comes not. Now, the dear female sex comes out as one man in little round hats with pigeon wings, and their brothers' jackets, and chignons like orioles' nests, and the tidiest, prettiest short dresses, and the roses of June in their cheeks, and the violets of May in their eyes, and the gold of the sun himself in their hair. Now, Easter is coming, and the milliners are going to open, and new bonnets are to be bought, and organdies appear in the windows, and the sun will dance with joy at the beauty of the new fashions, and the inventiveness of the female mind will strike everybody for the thousandth time. Now, the parks are full of pretty children, and the little paddies in the country are beginning to go in swimming, and the school-girls are getting tired of their books, and the teachers are getting tired of the school-girls, and the boys forget to come in when the noon bell rings, and the teacher wishes that there were no bell to ring. Now, all the boys are flying kites, excepting those who are playing marbles, and Mr. Van Tine is asked a hundred times a day, "How much for them Japanese kites?" and the kites grin like demons when the poor little shavers with ten cents are told that the kites are forty. Now, all the boys are dying for fish-hooks, and cord, and sinkers, and dobbers, and the fish are uneasy in their minds, which they would n't be if they knew anything about boys. Now, the fares on the railroads are reduced, and butter is down, and milk is cheaper, and hope is diffused, and amiability is in the air, and plans are formed, and the winter is abused behind his back, and a good peach crop is anticipated, and the papers are full of stories of the profit people made last year off a half-acre of strawberries and grapes. Now, rents are raised, and house-hunters are aghast, and painters are busy or pretend to be, and carpenters have so much to do in getting jobs secured that they have no time for immediate calls, and servants in the city are looking out for places in the country, and hod-carriers develop a preternatural and unsuspected talent for gardening and the care of horses. Now, spring has come, and winter has gone, and the heart is renewed, and life is quickened, and under the blue sky nothing seems so fit for the day as love-making, and all young things, from babies to goslings, are in season, and the faces of the sick are sadder than yesterday, and the sight of a little lame child makes the tears rush to the eyes—and, that death should be here in the very bursting and fulness of life, is more than ever a dread and a mystery.

Notes.

LITERARY.

CONTRARY to general expectation, the trade sale which has just come to an end in this city was about as much of a success, as regards both the number of books sold and the prices obtained for them, as the sale of last autumn. Everybody seemed to think that no one else would be there, and that books were going to be very cheap; so everybody went, and books brought tolerable prices. But the opinion gains ground that the days of trade sales are passing away. Some of the great houses were not represented, we see—Appletons, for instance—and others, as Ticknor & Fields, make a very small show in the catalogue.

—Messrs. Mohun & Ebbs, 546 Broadway, have just issued a catalogue (unpriced) of a private library which they offer for sale. It contains something like eight hundred works, some of them rare, but many of them common and modern; most of them English, and nearly all of them fine editions. The collection seems to be richer in valuable illustrated works than in any other particular department. We notice a two-volume edition, on large paper, of "The Royal Gallery of Art; being the Private Collections by her Majesty and the Prince Consort, and the Art Heirlooms of the Crown at Windsor Castle, Buckingham Palace, and Osborne," which consists of 144 line engravings, with descriptions by S. C. Hall; "Selected Pictures from the Galleries and Private Collections of Great Britain;" "Galérie du Palais Pitti;" an illuminated quarto copy of the "De Imitatione," with an appendix, forming another quarto volume, which contains curious old portraits of the presumed authors of the work; "The Turner Gallery;" "Museo Borbonico;" "The London Art Journal," in 18 vols.; "Waring's Masterpieces of Industrial Art and Sculpture at the Great Exhibition," and other similar works. Each work, it is promised, will be sold separately, much below its value, and catalogues can be had upon application.

—From a statement made, as we suppose, on the authority of Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, it appears that Mr. Dickens has received of two American publishing houses, Harper's and Peterson's, not less than \$60,000 in our paper currency. For the "Tale of Two Cities" he had £1,000 in gold; for "Great Expectations," £1,250; for "Our Mutual Friend," £1,000, and other sums for other works. Harper & Brothers paid the money to Mr. Dickens, and, having made such use of the works as they pleased, transferred their interest in them to Messrs. Peterson & Brothers, who shared with Harpers the expense of getting the engravings made (transferred from steel to wood), and of the payments to the author. This statement is put forth to prevent wrong inferences been drawn from the recently published extract from a letter written by Mr. Dickens to Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, who had sent him £300 as his share, so far, in the profits of the "Diamond Dickens." "I think you know," he says, "how high and far beyond the money's worth I esteem this act of manhood, delicacy, and honor. I have never derived greater pleasure from the receipt of money in all my life." We are compelled to suppose, in the present state of our knowledge in regard to this matter, that one would draw a wrong inference from this letter who should infer that Messrs. Harper and Messrs. Peterson had not treated Mr. Dickens fairly, with "manhood and honor." But, then, the sum sent him by the Boston house was not expected by him; that got from the other firms was got in pursuance of a bargain; and while Messrs. Peterson do well to explain that they are not open to the charge of pirating the works of Mr. Dickens, yet probably they have no just cause of complaint against him for this letter, of which, by the way, only a part has been seen by the public. We may remark here that the rival Philadelphia and Boston cheap editions of Dickens come out regularly. The third party in this triangular duel, Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, are very nearly ready with the first of the cheap "Globe" edition, or, to give it a name from their advertisements, the "Save-your-eyes" edition.

—Several American authors are noticed in late English journals.

Mrs. Akers is praised by *The Spectator* for writing some lyrics that have the true ring of poetry. Of Mr. Whipple's "Character and Characteristic Men" it is said that the author "writes or lectures pleasantly, and has always an anecdote at hand to keep his audience in a good humor, but he shows a sad want of grapple and roams vaguely over the surface of character." Geo. P. Fisher's "Life of Silliman" *The Spectator* thinks rather a collection of letters "than a life." Washington Irving's "Spanish Miscellanies" the same paper pronounces dullish, and the other volume too fragmentary. Mr. Ward, in his "Life of Percival," is said to have "labored not wholly in vain." *The Pall Mall Gazette* takes the trouble of anatomizing the "amorous and operative Muriel," Mrs. Edwin James's foolish novel.

—From the first number that we have seen of *The Galveston Medical Journal* we learn that, as might have been expected, in Texas literature contends with difficulties. The magazine is a year old, however, and, though not issued with regularity, has paid its expenses. The delays in its appearance were due, we fear, to a distrust of the publisher's ability to pay for his printing, for he remarks: "We have paid for all published, and can and will pay for what we order," and if the work cannot be done at one office he intends to have it done at another. "We have always had plenty of copy," the editor says, "but by delays some has been lost, others stolen out of our office, and our electrotypes, which we had been keeping to accompany articles, were also stolen." In this number before us "The Metric System of Weights and Measures" occupies twenty-five pages, and besides this there are articles on "Diphtheria" [sic], "Hypodermic Medication," "Urticaria from the use of Quinine," and "A Case of Retained Placenta." Apparently the editor intends to rely mainly on his exchanges.

—We confess to having been hoaxed by the unprincipled young man who wrote for *The Pall Mall Gazette* what purported to be a suppressed passage of Swift's "Gulliver's Travels." We read with unsuspecting, credulous haste and were imposed upon by the cleverness of the forgery and the fact of its appearance in the *Gazette*. However, we freely forgive both editor and writer for the sake of the irresistible impudence with which the secret is made known—impudence beyond the efforts of one man, we suppose, for the explanation is the joint work of the pair of them. "M. F. T.," a correspondent and an accomplice, in *The Gazette* of March 25, begs the editor not to withhold from the public any of the new discoveries. The editor and the discoverer reply as follows:

"We have done what in us lies to gratify 'M. F. T.' We have written to the young man in the Temple who supplied us with the suppressed passage from Gulliver last Wednesday, and his reply runs as follows: 'I am just starting from my dad's place at Ballynabraggan, so that I can't write anything immediately. If the public would like another suppressed passage or two from Gulliver, of course they can be done; but I am in doubt whether a man who is pronounced by so grave and acute a critic as *The London Review* to be as admirable a satirist and as good a writer as Swift ought not to set up on his own account and wear his own laurels. There is a fine opening for a satirist just now, and if the close and accurate critics of the *L. R.* can find no difference between my genius and that of the lamented dean, I suppose I may count with certainty upon success with the mere public.'"

—Goldsmith has arrived at the honor of a "centenary commemoration," but in what may be called a characteristic way. For it is Germany that thus honors our Irishman, and it is not the hundredth anniversary of his own birthday which was celebrated, but of the birthday of his "Vicar of Wakefield." The novel was first published in 1766, and in 1866 a commemorative edition was prepared in Berlin and is now issued. The translation was made by Ernst Suemihl, and a biographical and critical introduction furnished by Otto Roquette. The rendering of the "Vicar" itself is excellent, but some of the minor works, which also are given in the new edition, seem to have fallen into less skilful hands. For instance, in the translation of the "Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog," the lines,

"The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes,"

are turned into German which declares that the charitable person extolled was in the habit of clothing the naked every morning before he dressed himself! If a surgical operation is necessary before a joke can

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1847.

be got into a Scotchman's head, one would say that a German to appreciate a joke must be born again—and of foreign parents.

—The paternal government of the Hapsburgs has always stood in rather stepfatherly relations to literature, at any rate to journalism. We have a recollection—not so perfect as we could wish—of a sample specimen of the sort of paragraphs in which the Viennese editor exercises the pen which is forbidden to expatiate freely over politics. It set forth the interesting fact that, as the editorial we was walking down a certain street, he was overtaken by a shower of rain, and, having no umbrella, took refuge in a certain doorway, without in the least thinking that it was the doorway of a house in which lived a friend of his. Nevertheless, a friend of his did live there! and came out and spoke to him! Accustomed to reading of this kind, which perhaps does not regularly keep it in a whirl of nervous excitement, all Vienna may be cheated into supposing that it is just now in possession of a veritable Count Gurowski. Aranyos Kakay, a member of the Hungarian Chamber of Deputies, has lately published a book (*"Licht- und Schattenbilder zur Charakteristik des ungarischen Landtags"*) which pleases the anti-liberal party in the Austrian capital very much, and is said to have kept them in roars of laughter for some weeks. He is hard on the Liberals. "Kemeny," he says, "always wears a dusty coat, because his servant is busy among the editors of the *Pesti Naplo* (a Radical journal), and so never has time to brush it." Thus he describes the working of politics in Hungary: "Our countrymen feast and drink and cudgel their brains three months, and then go to vote for deputies. Fighting all over the country. Then come the elections for county offices. Fighting in every county. Lastly, the election for village magistrates. Fighting in every village." Deputy Kakay apparently has something of Gurowski's way of speaking his mind; of his witticisms we shall have to say that witticisms lose almost everything in the process of translation.

—Lowell says that Lessing's "Nathan the Wise" is "an Essay on Toleration in the form of a dialogue." The German critic and novelist Spielhagen, in his lecture, "Faust and Nathan," asserts that those two poems are developments of the same fundamental thought, and, further, he asserts the essential likeness of the character of Lessing to that of Goethe. Spielhagen is, however, to be described as paradoxical and ingenious rather than ingenuous. A novel by him, "In Reih und Glied," is among the new books just now widely read in Germany. It is popular principally for the critical opinions incidentally delivered, though no doubt Spielhagen is one of the best of contemporary German novelists. Another new issue of the Berlin press is Dr. Wieland's "Collection of Klopstock's Letters," which contains a note written by the poet's sister Meta to Richardson, the novelist. We hear, too, of a new edition, by Hartenstein, of Kant's complete works, in eight volumes. It is now appearing, and will contain nothing not certainly Kant's, all the spurious and doubtful writings attributed to him being omitted.

—Among other works, perhaps of less general interest, recently issued at Berlin, we notice a second edition of Curtius's "Outlines of Greek Etymology" is published, and shows as the result of an entire revision many improvements on its predecessors, "Hephæstion and the Minor Versifiers" and "Poems of Catullus." In the latter he has endeavored to portray the life and adventures of Catullus from his poems. Though the biographical attempt, like similar ones based on Shakespeare's sonnets, seems unwarranted and far-fetched, one cannot avoid praising the beauty and elegance of the German translation. But its stilted style and its desert of learned observations make much of it wearisome. The latter part does not suffer so much in these respects, and the section devoted to Machiavelli's drama is most readable. Two volumes of Rudolph Nicolai's "History of Greek Literature" are published, and give promise that the work will be a good compendium. Adolph Nicolai's "Origin and Nature of Greek Romance" is a fluently written examination of the influence of the Sophists on the development of the later narrative poetry, and gives the substance of all the Greek romances. Edward Gerhard has issued a collection of his smaller treatises, which embraces his historical art essays previous to 1847. The second volume of Peters's "History of Rome," treating of

the period between the Second Punic War and the fall of the Republic, and a new edition of Mommsen's "Roman History," are also prominent on the archaeological list. Worthy of mention is A. W. Zumpt's "Criminal Law of the Roman Republic," a book of strict method, in which the philological side is most ably handled. The judicial side, which will ever leave scope for many conjectures, cannot be satisfactorily treated before the collection of the inscriptions.

PHILANTHROPY IN AMERICA AND IN EUROPE.*

ALTHOUGH the word "philanthropy" is of good Greek origin and has come down to us through the Latin of Ulpian, the great lawyer of the third century, we do not find it in use in England before Addison's time. A contemporary of Addison, the Abbé de St. Pierre, in 1725 introduced into French the corresponding term *bienfaisance*, "for the sake of exactly expressing the idea of doing good to others." So modern are terms which have become the commonplace of the two languages, and they are so because the thing which they express is itself modern. For, without subscribing to the reproaches which Dr. Bigelow heaps upon Homer and the Grecians in general, we must allow that charity and philanthropy in our sense of the words were unknown to them. Even the early and the middle ages of Christianity, though furnishing the highest motive and some of the best examples of these virtues, by no means saw them generally practised. It was reserved for an age when religious faith seemed to be weak, when scoffers and worldlings held sway, to witness a general revival and extension of philanthropy. It was a poet by no means devout who then said:

"In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity;"

and what Pope announced the next generation proceeded to verify. Franklin labored to prevent pauperism and to organize philanthropy in America; his countryman, Rumpf, did the same work for Bavaria; De L'Epée generalized the instruction of the deaf, and Haüy that of the blind; Howard set forth on his voyage of discovery among the dungeons and lazaret-houses of Europe—"a circumnavigation of charity," as Burke said; Pinel opened and ameliorated the horrors of the Bicêtre and the Salpêtrière; and the foundations of the whole modern structure of charities were laid amid the convulsions preceding and accompanying the French Revolution.

The work thus begun has been zealously carried forward in the present century on both sides of the Atlantic. In England, France, and the Low Countries the whole system of public relief to the poor has been revised, enlarged, and clearly defined. In the other countries of Europe the same thing has been partially done. In the United States the process is now going on. Together with this, and often antecedent in time, a great amelioration of prison discipline and of the criminal law has taken place. The barbarous codes of Great Britain and the Continent of Europe have given place to mild and even sentimental legislation. Over a large part of the civilized world the punishment of death is practically abolished, so rarely is it inflicted and so repugnant has it become to the humanity of the people. Numberless establishments of private charity of great variety and increasing usefulness have grown up. Whole departments have been added to the province of public charity, which has only grown more liberal as it has been more appealed to. In America, in France, and in Germany the deaf and the blind are educated at the expense of the state in whole or in part. In Great Britain and elsewhere a strong effort is making for the same wise legislation. Boards of health and bureaux of registration are busy with the thousand details of sanitary legislation. The evils of intemperance have introduced the most perplexing questions; the kindred mischief of licentiousness is claiming increased attention. The results attained in this great philanthropic movement have never yet been aggregated and formulated so as to exhibit precisely the state of charitable activity at any given time. Something has been done in this direction, however, by the three International Congresses of Philanthropy ("Congrès Internationaux de Bienfaisance") which met at Brussels in 1856, at Frankfurt in 1857, and at London in 1862. The volume under notice is a report of the discussions and a portion of the papers read at the last session in London. No more interesting collection of facts and opinions on these subjects has ever been made, coming as they do from the researches of philanthropists in all the principal nations of the civilized world. Great Britain, France, Spain, Belgium, Holland, Austria, Prussia, the smaller states of Germany, Norway, Switzerland, Italy, the United States, Russia, Denmark, and Portugal were all represented at the

* "Congrès International de Bienfaisance de Londres. Session de 1862." Tomes I. et II., pp. 433, 237. Trübner et Cie., Paternoster Row, 60, London. 1863.

congress, and statements were made or papers read concerning charitable enterprises in most of these countries. Among the speakers were Lord Shaftesbury, Dr. Farr, and Florence Nightingale, of England; Augustin Cochin, of France; MM. Carton and Ducpétiaux, of Belgium; Alfaro and Nieto-Serrano, of Spain; Carvalho, of Portugal; and C. L. Brace, of New York.

A fourth session of the congress is proposed in Paris during the coming summer, and no doubt will be numerously attended by our countrymen. Among them we trust there may be somebody competent to point out the contrasts and the resemblances between the charitable activity of Europe and of America.

It would be presumptuous in us to undertake such a task, but there seems to be an occasion furnished by such volumes as the one under notice and those on the charities of France, the charities of Europe, etc., which have been reviewed in these pages, for saying a few plain words about the matter.

First of all, we notice that the division of philanthropic labor, like that of labor in general, is carried much further in the older countries, and, consequently, that they have whole classes of charitable institutions which we lack. For example, there are no foundling hospitals in America, and but few of the hospitals for special diseases which are found in Europe. We have a less marked gradation of prisons than most of the European countries; a far less perfect comprehension of the labor question and the requisites for public health. Our collections of statistics are less exact and valuable; our social science associations less frequented and less worthy to be frequented. The supervision exercised by government over charitable establishments is more perfect in most European countries than with us, although the aid rendered by government to these establishments is greater in New York and New England than in any part of the Old World. The reason of this appears to be that the class of persons in Europe familiar enough with questions of charitable administration to advise or direct in such matters is much greater than among us, and that such persons find their way more easily into bureaux and departments and boards, and remain there more permanently than has hitherto been the case in the United States. Take Belgium for an example: the country of all the world where charitable efforts have been of late years conducted with the most system, and where their operation and results have been most usefully set forth in a statistical form. With an area only one fourth as large and a population not much greater than the State of New York, Belgium began her national existence thirty-seven years ago with burdens of pauperism, crime, and ignorance among the mass of the people such as no American community has ever known. These burdens have by no means been all removed, but they have been greatly lightened, and the true way of removing them has been pointed out by men like Quetelet, Ducpétiaux, Visschers, Rogier, Carton, and Arrivabene, who for many years were, or still are, employed by the Government for the very purpose of investigating or administering the numerous departments of philanthropy. In the whole extent of the United States it is hardly possible to find so many enlightened, patient, and successful students of social evil and reform as this little kingdom of Belgium has produced, graduated, and promoted.

If we pass now from Belgium to France, with its thousand writers on the thousand questions of philanthropy; or to England, with its endless parliamentary reports and discussions on the same topics, we see a much greater contrast between them and us in respect to the matter of which we are speaking. An inconspicuous and by no means remarkable member of the Tory party in Parliament, Mr. Gathorne Hardy, a year ago succeeded the veteran Villiers as president of the Poor-Law Board, at the very moment when the latter was about introducing some radical reforms in the management of the London workhouses. Soon after the change of ministry, Parliament adjourned, and did not again assemble until February, when, behold, Mr. Hardy comes forward with a scheme of reform quite as radical as that of his predecessor, and which he is prepared to support with all the facts, all the arguments, and all the details necessary to carry it through a House of Commons abounding in members conversant with the question. And no wonder that Mr. Hardy is so well prepared, for within the past year there have been issued in London several cart-loads of publications discussing the subject in all its relations. Commissioners have consulted, inspectors reported, physicians proscribed, counsellors advised, clergymen preached, able editors fulminated, correspondents contradicted each other, novelists spun their webs of glaring fiction over and about and concerning every point in question. Now, there is nothing extraordinary in all this—it is the English way; but we mention it as a contrast to the way in which such questions would be dealt with here, where not one person in ten thousand would have any knowledge, however great his interest might be, in regard

to the matter, so great is the neglect into which we have allowed topics of this kind to fall.

It was not always so in the United States. There was a time when the relief of the poor, the interests of labor, the discipline of prisons, the amelioration of the criminal law and kindred questions were better understood here than in Europe, and when the practical application of sound principles was far more common here than there, as is still the case to some extent. Our Franklins, Livingstons, Quincys, Rantouls, Manns, Liebers, Grays, Sumners have either died or ceased to write on these themes; but thirty years ago they were quoted in Europe as authorities, while we are now quoting authorities almost exclusively European on topics which they discussed. Our best example of prison discipline comes from Ireland, the co-operation of labor is best carried out in England and Germany, France and Russia teach us how to keep motherless infants alive, and we are yet to take lessons of Belgium in the care of the insane poor. From the Calvinists of France and the Lutherans of Germany we have much to learn concerning establishments of private charity, such as De Liefde describes, and which are best illustrated by Wichern's Reform School at Hamburg and Bost's university of charity at Laforce, in Southern France. The ease with which public endowments and State aid can be obtained for charitable enterprises in America is drawing us a little out of the divinely appointed course of philanthropy. That requires the personal inspiration of some large-hearted man or woman, such as gave birth to the noble charities of Zeller and Fliehdner in Europe, of Joseph Curtis and Charles Brace in New York.

It would be more curious than profitable to trace the causes which have reduced our country to the second or third rank in philanthropic activity when we ought to hold the first. Some will dispute the fact, some will ascribe it to our long struggle with slavery, some to the debasement of our population by foreign alloys, some to an alleged decline of religious faith and an increasing worship of material things. If we were to offer any explanation, it would be that the vast scale on which the vital forces of our society are acting to transform all castes, from the highest Brahmin down to the lowest Pariah, into equal orders of accordant citizens, has made us less and less attentive to the more external forms of philanthropy. For several generations we have been converting the peasant of Europe into the freeman of America, the present and the next generation will apply the same process to the lately servile population of the South. In this reconstruction, as in chemical reaction, the secondary products are not always agreeable; but the disgusting and noxious fumes of the laboratory ought to bring contempt on the chemist quite as much as our present social condition ought to draw down censure upon our country and her institutions.

The remedy for the partial defects of which we have spoken will consist in a more earnest consideration of the questions involved, a greater willingness to be instructed from abroad, and the devotion of a larger number of our able men to the work of organized philanthropy. Evidence that we are advancing in all these ways may be found in the increasing interest felt here in such books as those we have mentioned, in the creation of important organizations like our Board of Health and the proposed Board of Charities, in the rapid formation of public associations for philanthropic work or discussion, and in the readiness of our people, who are none too modest, to admit the superiority in certain things of the European charities. The present year, which carries across the Atlantic an unusual number of our philanthropists and persons concerned in charitable establishments, will do much to extend our knowledge of what is doing abroad. May it also arouse us at home to the necessity of regaining and maintaining our just position as the foremost country of the world in all that relates to the relief of misery, the education of the people, and the general welfare of mankind.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW FOR APRIL.

ONE is apt to say so of each new critical essay by Lowell, still we shall say that the essay on Lessing in the last *North American* is the best piece of literary criticism yet written in America. Emerson's "Representative Men" are men not treated of from the literary point of view. Some of them, indeed, Swedenborg, Napoleon, are men hardly belonging to the world of letters. But the consideration first stated suffices to remove Emerson's work out of the region of comparison with this, and we are not called on to speak at large concerning the "Goethe" and "Shakespeare." Besides the "Representative Men," no other work will be offered for comparison. In the "Lessing" that quality of Lowell's which, probably, will be in the opinion of succeeding generations the characteristic by which to describe him, his wit, abounds. We have called this essay his best, and we have not now the space nor the means at command for a full exposition of reasons, but let us

say that in this essay the wit does not, as sometimes it does, superabound—the reader delighting in it, the writer delighting in it, and the work in hand meantime standing still for awhile. The tone, in this case, is throughout critical, both as the old critics understood the word and in the new shade of meaning which it is sought just now to give it, that is, the writer examining, testing, and passing judgment seems duly to subordinate himself to the author with whom he is dealing, not taking him as a point of departure, whence starting to expatiate over this or that, no matter how foreign, field of thought; and on the other hand the mere reviewer may see, may at any rate partly see, how the true critic applies “the best thought extant” to the elucidation and weighing of an author’s works and influence. Of the style, in the narrower sense, we need only say that it is and is to be classic. Discouraging of a writer of Lessing’s weight, Mr. Lowell of course has need and opportunity for criticisms of many men, and we get his opinion of Heine, or one aspect of Heine’s character; of Herrick, “the most Catullian of poets since Catullus;” of Goethe, whose “poetic sense was the Minotaur to which he sacrificed everything; all that saves his egoism from being hateful is that with its immense reaches it cheats the sense into a feeling of something like sublimity; a patch of sand is unpleasing; a desert has all the awe of ocean;” of Montaigne; of Milton, “a pedant in his prose and not seldom even in his great poem;” of Dr. Johnson, “manly old Dr. Johnson, who could be tender and true to a plain woman, knew very well what he meant when he wrote that single poetic sentence of his, ‘The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him to be a native of the rocks.’” Both Damon and Dr. Johnson, we fancy, would have been a little surprised to see the turn here given to their complaining. We make room also for this remark in regard to Shakespeare’s “small Latin and less Greek”:

“It should be considered by those sagacious persons who think that the most marvellous intellect of which we have any record could not master so much Latin and Greek as would serve a sophomore, that Shakespeare must through conversation have possessed himself of whatever principles of art Ben Jonson and the other university men had been able to deduce from their study of the classics. That they should not have discussed these matters over their sack at the Mermaid is incredible; that Shakespeare, who left not a drop in any orange he squeezed, could not also have got all the juice out of this one, even more so.”

The other editor of *The Review*, Mr. Norton, besides several book notices—“Parton’s Biographical Writings,” “The Book of the Sonnet,” and “Samson’s Elements of Art Criticism” we take to be his—contributes also a thoughtful article on “Religious Liberty.” Religion he defines in these terms:

“If we use familiar phraseology, we may say that in an enlightened man this attitude of the will results from his recognition of what is called the spiritual nature of the soul, and finds expression in endeavors to meet the responsibility of leading a life conformed to the highest attainable conceptions of the duty of man as a spiritual being. But, in more exact terms, we may define religion as a man’s devotion—that is, the complete assent and concentration of his will—to any object which he acknowledges to have a right to his entire service, and to supreme control over his life.”

Mr. Medbury, in the paper on “The New Jersey Monopolies,” lets in a flood of light on the practices of the dozen or so of men who for thirty years have contrived to govern a State of the Union and rob the country at large to fill their own pockets. Jokers have talked about the “State of Camden and Amboy” and gibed at the “foreign country of New Jersey” for a generation, and newspapers have all the time inveighed against the rascality of the corporations that tyrannize over the traveller; in short, the subject is wearisomely familiar and hackneyed; but we think the whole nefarious business has never before been so thoroughly made plain as in this excellent article, which is as easily readable as an article by Parton. It is shown how, in the beginnings of the monopoly, there was some excuse for New Jersey, and some sense of decency in the managers of the roads. A graphic description is given of the wars in which Livingston, Fulton, Vanderbilt, Ogden, and Gibbons were principals, and States were partisans, and Addis Emmet, Daniel Webster, and William Wirt were counsellors. Stockton’s career and character are described, and we are made to follow intelligently the process which has among its incidents the making and unmaking of governors and senators, the buying and selling of legislative majorities, the corruption by wholesale of the press and the bar, the thievery of directors, the falsifying of the public records, and a thousand other disgraces, and which has for its results overgrown wealth for a few men, the comparative decay of New Jersey, and the oppression of every man who travels southward from New York, or comes from the southward to the commercial metropolis of the country. Mr. Medbury points out the remedy which has often enough been pointed out before, but never before in connection with an ex-

posure of the evil so complete and so striking that it seems as if Congressmen would be compelled to notice it and act on it.

The paper by Mr. C. F. Adams, Jr., on “The Railroad System,” likewise has something to say about the means of making the great corporations less the masters and more the servants of the power which gave them existence. Mr. Adams hardly believes it true that “the present rule of corporate railroad management is sustained by the community in its most essential lines at a cost in excess of possible necessity of some five hundred per cent.” But that the cost is very much greater than is necessary he fully believes. He thinks the various States ought to establish bureaux for the collection of reliable statistics, and by-and-by proceed to intelligent legislation. As regards the power to legislate effectually, whether derived from the common-law power of eminent domain or elsewhere, there can be no doubt, and the present duty is to collect statistics and establish principles of action. The vast importance of this matter becomes obvious when we reflect how steam has changed the world within the last thirty years, and that as yet the system of locomotion by steam is, as you may say, in its early infancy. Both Mr. Adams’s article and Mr. Medbury’s relate to a question not only important, but which for various reasons presses for a solution, and this discussion of it is very timely.

Mr. Howells describes and criticises Manzoni, Silvio Pellico, Carrer Aleari, and Carcano, giving us another paper, which it is well to have, of his “Modern Italian Poets.” They are minor poets, and known to most of us by name only—and only some of them even by name—and in such of their verses as Mr. Howells here translates make no very strong impression. Mr. Howells also furnishes, *apropos* of the appearance of a complete edition of Longfellow’s prose and verse, published by Ticknor & Fields, the brief essay entitled “Henry Wadsworth Longfellow,” which is written in his most graceful style, and as if he were doing himself a pleasure to write it. It seems to us stronger where he speaks of Longfellow’s service as an influence in American literature than in its judgments of the poet’s works. It is not, we suppose, precisely what will be written of Longfellow twenty years from now. But, then, neither is it just what used to be written of him in America twenty years ago. It is “not so much question as acknowledgment” of the poet’s excellence, Mr. Howells says. After all, one would as soon quarrel with a rose, or harshly criticise a heliotrope, as with the books that have pleased us all so much, and in making his own acknowledgment Mr. Howells spoke for us all.

Mr. Adams S. Hill, in an article which has a vein of brisk snappishness in it, undertakes the rather unnecessary labor of saving Charles Lamb from his friends, who have, it seems, been overpraising him, certain biographers of his whom we do not know “turning him into an uninteresting saint.” In particular they have fulsomely lauded him for his self-sacrifice in devoting his life to the care and comforting of his unfortunate sister. The fact is that Lamb, when he was about twenty-one years old, was man enough deliberately to give up such plans, or fond dreams, or chimeras, or whatever one chooses to call them, as youths of that age cherish, and to resolve to make his sister’s life as happy as he could. The generosity of the youth was equalled by the unvarying cheerfulness with which the man bore his self-imposed burden—a burden which, as burdens will that are borne with courage, grew lighter the longer it was borne. Just how much he gave up it is not possible to tell—not a little, we imagine, or he would have given us the means of knowing more about it. However this may be, looking at what we can see, and remembering other brothers, John Lamb for instance, Charles Lamb’s life is an example honorable to mankind and, we dare say, not too easy of imitation. It is funny to see how Mr. Hill fails to take the joke when Lamb interrupts the “superfluously solemn Wordsworth” (who was denouncing a gentleman reputed to be a loose liver), by audaciously crying out, “Pretty fellows we are to abuse him on that score, when every one of us, on going out into the Strand, will make up to the first pretty girl he sees!” The article is long, however, and in it may be found a good deal of what one and another have said about Lamb, and some things well enough said by Mr. Hill himself.

“British Finance in 1816” is a paper of whose value we can hardly speak. It is made quite interesting to the general reader. Mr. Sanborn is the author of “Deaf-Mute Education,” an essay which recounts the history, since its invention three hundred years since in Spain, of the articulation system of instruction for deaf-mutes. We have already in these pages spoken of this system, and our readers will find Mr. Sanborn’s article one of much interest.

We must not forget to speak of another of the short notices of books besides those above mentioned. Every one interested in the controversy between the friends of classical education and its enemies will be glad to read a too brief review of Dr. Jacob Bigelow’s recent pamphlet entitled

"Remarks on Classical and Utilitarian Studies." The literary notices in this number are, as a whole, unusually good, though not very numerous. They are followed by two letters from aggrieved authors, Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Greeley, who review their reviewers. Mr. Bancroft is silly enough to show ill-temper, but he chooses a very amusing way of doing it; he calls Mr. Greene "the grandson" throughout. "You're another," suggests itself as an appropriate retort to this bit of abuse. In fact, Mr. Bancroft is a great-grandson. He has laid himself open to a most damaging reply. But we trust the editors of *The North American* will decline to lend the review to the contestants. When Mr. Greene comes next quarter and wants his revenge, he can be pointed to the fact that the editors suffered Mr. Bancroft to print this epistle.

NOTES ON THE NEW EDITION OF WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.

NO. XIII.—STATISTICS OF THE VOCABULARY, CONTINUED.

BEFORE proceeding to state numerical results, we must fix rules to be followed in assigning words to their respective etymological sources, and I shall avail myself of this occasion to make an observation or two on the coinage and composition of a certain class of new words in the modern languages.

The English vocabulary is derived chiefly from Anglo-Saxon, and from Latin either directly or through French, and we have adopted some French words which cannot be traced to Latin. We have also Greek words, some of which have come to us in a Latinized form, others have been taken immediately from Greek. These latter are principally technical terms of science, and, in most cases, they are compounds unknown in ancient literature, but formed in modern times from Greek roots. A large proportion of these words are too special and restricted in their use to be justly considered as properly belonging to the common English tongue; but some of them have been adopted in general literature and speech, and may fairly be regarded as a part of our verbal patrimony. Our Greek scientific terms are often framed without regard to the rules of a sound etymology, and are very distasteful to the ear of a Hellenist; but there are considerations which entitle them, as a class, to much indulgence. The languages of the Gothic family are the only modern tongues of learned Christendom which afford facilities for the derivation and composition of new words from significant roots. But those languages are not generally widely enough known, even to scientific men, to be accepted as a universal storehouse of the raw material of philosophical terminology. New words, therefore, framed from German radicals, would not easily find currency in England, in France, or in the United States, and still less among the nations of Southern Europe. Besides, German words do not readily adapt themselves to the orthographical systems of any of those countries. On the other hand, Greek is more generally, if not better, known than German. It possesses unlimited facilities of composition, and every European language has its settled rules for the accommodation of Greek words to its own alphabet. Latin has also been freely used for the same purpose, especially by Linnaeus and his followers, and it has supplied a great number of convenient descriptive epithets which are recommended at least by ready intelligibility. In composition, however, Latin fails, and naturalists are often driven to employ Latin radicals with Greek terminations or other barbarous forms of Greco-Latin hybridism.

Proper names, also, have contributed largely to the vocabulary of natural science, of industry, of commerce, and of fine and mechanical art. Organisms and minerals new to science are named after the discoverers, or after eminent naturalists. Many species of goods derive their names from the city or country from which they are imported, and various articles of familiar use have been christened after the first introducer. One of the oddest examples of this sort is that of *cudbear*, a powder prepared from certain species of lichen and used in dyeing, which is said to be so called because *Cuthbert Gordon* first brought it into notice.

The adoption of Greek, by general consent, as the philological basis of scientific nomenclature would have the advantage of making the philosophical dialect of modern times a universal language, an advantage very poorly compensated by the supposed convenience and fitness of a special coinage of domestic technical terms, in languages admitting the process, which the Germans, the Dutch, and the Danes have carried to so absurd a length.

I have discussed this subject in the eighth and ninth lectures of my course on the English language, and it will, perhaps, not be thought altogether irrelevant to the subject to introduce here some additional observations on the extravagance just referred to.

The practice of the Greeks has been appealed to in justification of the

formation of modern scientific terms from native roots; but it must be remembered that the Greeks had no still more ancient repository of words common to the whole civilized world to draw from, and they, of necessity, employed the only material they possessed, namely, the familiar everyday words of the market and the fireside, as elements of a distinctive nomenclature. There is a still better reason for departing from their example. In the days of Aristotle physical science had not been organized, and the philosophical conceptions of genus, species, and their distinctions by fundamental characteristics can scarcely be said to have existed. Natural history was little better than appellative—a mere mode of cataloguing—and indeed it hardly advanced beyond that stage till after the time of Linnaeus. Objects in all the kingdoms of nature were distinguished by external characteristics, just as in rude stages of society, and especially in a sparse population, men were named from their occupations, from some conspicuous incident in their lives, some deformity or other special feature of their physical structure, from their favorite weapon, or some habitual mode or article of dress. All nomenclature, in short, whether of persons or of things, was descriptive. But when society advanced in numbers, it was found that pictorial or representative epithets were susceptible of application to so many individuals that they ceased to be distinctive, and as society advanced in refinement it became distasteful to be reminded, by one's name, of his defects or other singularities of figure, of his personal habits, or his former humble occupation or that of his ancestors. When, in the village of Newbridge, the wants of an increased population required the services of ten smiths instead of one, *John Smith* became almost a common name instead of a professional appellation, and the first of that calling who rose to the proprietorship of a seignory assumed the style of *John of Newbridge*, or *John Newbridge*, instead. So when geology associated itself with mineralogy, and mineralogy again with chemistry; when zoölogy and botany enlisted the aid of animal and vegetable anatomy and physiology, and, consequently, species and characteristic distinctions of species were almost infinitely multiplied, a descriptive nomenclature became inapplicable from the very poverty of language; for all the tongues of many-voiced man could not furnish descriptive epithets to individualize the species of plants alone. Hence, as ordinary speech, originally imitative, or at least sensuously representative, has now everywhere become arbitrary, as family names have ceased to have any but a conventional application, so the vocabulary of science must conform to the same law, and content itself with a positive instead of a reasoned nomenclature. No word in the dialect of modern science has been more readily or more universally accepted, none has rendered better service, than *gas*. Etymologists, ignorant of the history of this word, and observing a certain resemblance between it and the German *geist*, Dutch *geest* (spirit), have fancied that it was cognate with these words; but there is not the least reason to suppose that Van Helmont, the inventor of it, had either *geist* or *geest* in his mind when he coined it. He makes no allusion to them in proposing the new term, but treats it as a pure suggestion of his own imagination.

Besides all this, the swift progress of knowledge is constantly rendering that which seemed an appropriate designation yesterday entirely inapplicable and even misleading to-day. The vocabulary of science must follow the course of personal nomenclature and become, at last, as arbitrary and conventional as the names of families or individuals. In spite, therefore, of the sound philosophy which in general predominates in the material science of the Gothic nations, their scientific nomenclature is eminently unphilosophical, and is suited only to the very infancy of knowledge. But even if we admit that a descriptive nomenclature is sound in principle, the practical application of the principle must always be exceedingly vague and uncertain from the want of any criterion of selection between the multitude of characteristics which every new object apparently presents. Some illustrations of this will be found in the lectures above referred to, and I will offer at this moment only a single additional exemplification, the new names proposed by Oersted, whose high claims as a physicist will be disputed by none, for *hydrogen* and *oxygen*. The Germans had adopted instead of these convenient names words of similar composition from native roots, *Wasserstoff*, waterstuff, and *Sauerstoff*, sourstuff. These the Danes had translated into the etymological equivalents *vandstof* and *suurstof*, the former indicating a certain substance, supposed to be a simple body, as the principal constituent of *water*, the other another substance, also assumed to be simple or elementary, as the acidifying principle in *sour* fluids or solids. To Oersted these nicknames—for they are no better—did not seem sufficiently "descriptive," and he sought in these substances qualities more exclusively characteristic as the ground of new self-interpreting designations. *Hydrogen* is eminently inflammable. Accordingly, Oersted proposed to name it *brint*, a noun coined by himself from the Danish verb *at brænde*, to burn. *Oxygen*

on the other hand, is eminently promotive of combustion or burning, and, in fact, the presence of oxygen is a necessary condition of the phenomena of burning as ordinarily manifested. To oxygen the philosopher gave the name of *ilte*, coined from the Danish noun *ild*, fire, and, accordingly, these two so unlike substances are known in his nomenclature by names derived indeed from different roots, but both expressing the same radical idea, namely, combustion, as the reason of the appellation. Can it possibly be supposed that the Danish pupil in chemistry arrives at a nearer approximation to the scientific conception of hydrogen and oxygen by the use of two words suggesting the same image and involving the same notion?

Fortunately, the modern form of our rigid English does not readily lend itself to this learned toying and trifling, and we shall retain hydrogen and oxygen until plain common sense brings Northern Europe back to them. At the same time, it must be admitted that where a term is meant to express obvious sensible forms or properties only, instead of some hidden and mysterious quality or essence, the use of words really descriptive and derived from familiar and humble roots is less objectionable. Thus, it may be argued that *horseshoe*, as an epithet indicative of the form of the Saracenic arch, and *watershed* in geography, expressing purely tangible and visible forms, are at once self-explaining, picturesque, and free from all danger of misleading those who use them into false theory or erroneous scientific notions. But these cases are at best but exceptions—exceptions, too, of the kind which proves the rule; and, after all, nothing would really be gained by employing these terms in place of Greek or even purely arbitrary names, if such had ever been adopted to designate the same objects.

It is obviously desirable, for a reason already suggested—universality, namely, of the scientific dialect—that some common source of terms for individualizing the objects of natural knowledge should be agreed upon by the general consent of the scientific world. Greek has, as has already been pointed out, advantages for this purpose which no other language possesses. Doubtless, as in the case of hydrogen, oxygen, and the like, technical terms forged from Greek material would, when first introduced, attempt description, but their etymology would never be familiar enough to have the vulgar suggestiveness of such words as *waterstuff*, *sourstuff*, *chokestuff*, and the other puerilities of a nomenclature which may be suited for the nurseries and infant asylums of science, but ought to be abandoned as soon as the pupil advances beyond the baby-jumper and the go-cart.

Although in the revolutions of science a Greek nomenclature apparently truly descriptive at the time of its introduction would soon be found to be based on partial knowledge or mistaken theory, it would not need, when once established, to be rejected for that reason, for its inapplicability would not continually force itself upon men of science, as in the case of terms coined from trivial radicals of their own household tongue. The first of the Browns, living in a smoky cabin, acquired an olive tint which gave him his name. When his children improved the draught of the chimney and indulged more freely in ablutions, it was discovered that the complexion of paterfamilias was only skin deep, and did not pass by inheritance; but the family name was retained, and nobody is now perplexed by hearing a blonde young lady addressed as Miss Brown, or a tall gentleman saluted as Mr. Short.

The Greek term would become no longer the designation of some single quality once erroneously supposed to be characteristic of the substance, but a conventional expression, a technical symbol representing the sum of all that science has yet taught respecting the object to which it was applied, and besides to those who know its etymology it would serve as a document in the history of philosophical opinion, a mile-stone in the path of knowledge.

To the employment of proper names of discoverers to designate genera or species in natural history there is no other objection than the awkwardness of the words which are usually framed from them, a difficulty which might be removed by the diffusion of a little more philological culture among naturalists.

There is still another source from which many scientific terms have been lately borrowed with advantage. I refer to the local terminology of miners, quarrymen, hunters, herdsmen, and other persons obliged by the nature of their daily occupations to distinguish between objects which science has but recently begun to discriminate. Thus geology has borrowed no inconsiderable part of its vocabulary from the native dialect of Cornwall and other districts rich in minerals. Pastoral Russia and Siberia have given us *steppe* and *tundra*, the seal-hunters of the Polar Sea have made us familiar with *polinje*, from Sweden we are introducing *fjäll* and *ås* (or in our orthography *os*, pl. *osar*), Arabic *oadi* is very properly coming into use in geo-

graphical description, and the Hispano-American *cañon* is indispensable as the designation of a new species, if not genus, of ravine.

G. P. M.

Hand-books of Iowa and Minnesota, with Maps. Guide Map for Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, etc. By Rufus Blanchard. (Blanchard & Cram, Chicago.)—These hand-books contain, more than any gazetteer, what the emigrant to the North-west would desire to know. The author professes to have travelled extensively over the regions described, and, in Iowa at least, has done so, making careful observations. In matters of which he was not competent to speak he has introduced very respectable authorities and given every proof that he has written in good faith and for the public interest only. We confess to a weakness for books of this character, and having read these with some little attention and a good deal of instruction, we cannot forbear quoting Mr. Blanchard's account of a community which appears to have escaped the notice of Mr. Hepworth Dixon. In the Hand-book of "Iowa," page 45, may be read:

"Iowa County is noted as being the location of a large and wealthy colony of Germans, settled on both sides of the Iowa river, in the north-west corner of the county. This settlement is in six different groups, each of which resembles a thrifty Western town, substantially built, mostly of brick. The colony is conducted on a community system peculiar to themselves, which, as far as I could learn, no one uninitiated can fully understand. Albeit, they give abundant evidence of pecuniary prosperity, cropping out in broad heaths of waving grain and substantial Dutch barns to store it in. Almost every necessary article of use is manufactured among themselves, leaving them little to buy, while they have much to sell. Do you have a constitution and by-laws to govern your colony? I asked. By-laws—What are they? was the simple reply. The most I conversed with did not seem to see a necessity for any theory, but were quite contented to labor and accumulate wealth, with the certainty that all their physical necessities until death would be attended to. They are a very religious people, mostly Lutheran, with some slight modifications adapted to their isolated condition. Should any marry outside of the colony, they would be excommunicated; but, as a consolation to any adventurous young man who might think one of their cherry-cheeked maidens indispensable to his happiness, I would inform him," etc., etc.

But, for the remainder of this extract, in which the Yankee spirit is pleasantly manifested (by the italics), we must refer the "adventurous young man" to the book itself, only adding that Mr. Blanchard's maps are the best we have seen of the North-west, clearly engraved and as accurate as maps may be of States that grow so rapidly as these.

The Artist's Married Life. Being that of Albert Dürer. Translated from the German of Leopold Scheffer, by Mrs. J. R. Stodart. Revised edition, with Memoir. (New York: James Miller, 1867.)—This book is a reprint of an English translation which has already been before the public several years. The present edition differs in no respect from the preceding, which was also "revised." A little more revision would not be amiss, beginning at the title-page, where the motto of the volume—

"Here, where art was still religion, with a simple reverent heart,
Lived and labored Albrecht Dürer, the evangelist of art."

is ascribed to Fellow; Longfellow it should be. The introduction is superfluous, while the memoir and the translator's preface go over pretty much the same ground. The memoir, however, says that Dürer was born on May 20, 1471; the preface says that April 6 had this great honor. It is a little matter, but it shows carelessness on the part of somebody. The translation is, we doubt not, very fine, considering that it was a first attempt, as in the preface we have due confession. There are many passages which a more skilful hand would probably have rendered more intelligibly. The story is beautiful enough, but very sad. In the main, it is a faithful shadow of the leading facts in Dürer's life. But the child Agnes, whose part is quite important in the little household drama, is a pure fiction, and Dürer's wife is much idealized. Not but that she is represented as the peevish, mercenary, ill-tempered character that she was; but, at the same time, she is represented as loving Dürer with a deep-concealed affection. The power of the story is in the evolution of this twofold character, and in the creed asserted and implied, that for the true artist "a hard life is better than an easy one." But the skeleton facts peep out too visibly through the thin garments that the novelist has thrown loosely over them. The unreality of the book is shown by its continual substitution of monologues in place of conversation. These monologues contain much that is very tender, true, and beautiful. But one of them contains a theory of marriage that is getting to be out of date. According to this theory, the one thing for a wife to do is to obey. She must sink her individuality and become the echo of her husband's taste and will. This is sheer nonsense, and many merits scarcely atone for one such glaring fault.

The American Law Review. April, 1867. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.)—This number of the review contains an article on the interesting and difficult question of what acceptance is necessary to take a sale of goods out of the Statute of Frauds; a sketch of the life of Chief-Justice Marshall (by Prof. Parsons); an article upon the new law of Massachusetts by which the testimony of accused persons is received on their own behalf; a review of the power of legislatures over railway charters; an entertaining résumé of the "leading cases" in which law has been made to do service in novels; and the usual compilation of digested cases, notices of law books, and summary of events pertaining to the bar.

The character of the review is well maintained. Its criticisms of men and books are fearless, without being harsh. The original matter is well written, and the digests of cases are carefully prepared. We trust that the enterprise of the publishers is rewarded by the liberal patronage of the profession.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION should be addressed to the Editor.

THE PROBABILITIES OF WAR IN EUROPE.

It will make a good deal of difference to the commercial world, at least, in this country whether a great war breaks out in Europe during the coming summer or not. A struggle between France and Germany would raise the price of our produce, lower the price of our bonds, and raise the premium on gold, send home the great mass of our tourists, and produce divers other consequences, social, financial, and even political, too numerous to mention. The chances of the speedy outbreak of such a conflict are, therefore, a very interesting subject of discussion. But when it rests largely with either of two reticent men, both of dark and tortuous counsel, and each wielding the forces of a great empire with but very feeble control or supervision from public opinion, to say when the fight shall begin, or whether it shall begin at all, all efforts to calculate probabilities are, of course, attended with great difficulty, and, what is of more consequence, a boundless field of mischief is opened up to stock-jobbers and sensational reporters and correspondents. We indicated very briefly last week our reasons for thinking that there is, at present, no danger of an outbreak of hostilities between France and Prussia, and that the present tendency to panic on this subject is due to an unscrupulous or reckless use of the Cable by speculators and "enterprising" and imaginative news collectors. Nothing has since occurred to induce us to modify our opinions, and there can be no harm in stating the grounds of it fully, as we are satisfied they will be found sufficient to justify us, even if we should prove hereafter to be mistaken.

It is stated on very good authority that the idea of taking Luxembourg as a counterpoise to possible Prussian expansion in Germany was first suggested to Napoleon by Bismark himself at that early interview at Biarritz before the late war, when Bismark was to the Emperor little better than a troublesome visionary. The probabilities are that the hint made at the time very little impression on the Imperial mind, and that, judging from the calm manner in which the refusal of the Rhine provinces has since been received, we should not now witness the revival of the idea if Napoleon were not goaded into action of some kind by the late assaults of the Opposition in the Corps Législatif. There is feeling enough in France about Prussian aggrandizement to make it necessary that the Government should do something, or appear to be doing something; and the opposition to the new scheme of army organization is so strong that hardly anything but the prospect of a great war at no distant period will carry it through. For the left bank of the Rhine there is no use in asking. It has been refused decidedly and peremptorily; and there is no Frenchman who does not know that an attempt to seize it would be met by the whole of Germany in arms, and resisted to the last man and the last thaler. Of protracted negotiation about *that* there is no chance. Bismark would not talk about it, and dare not if he would. But about the cession of the Duchy of Luxembourg there is use in talking. That is a small bit of territory, valuable only for its fortress. It has belonged to the house of Nassau since 1815; and although it is thoroughly German, and has furnished more than one wearer of the old imperial crown, and was a member of the Germanic Confederation, the dissolution of the Confederation by the battle of Sadowa has left it more under the control of Holland, *stricti juris*, than ever it has been before. Moreover, Holland is just now in mortal terror of Prussia. Bismark is the bugbear of both the Dutch King and ministers, who, whatever the material advantages of absorption into the North German Confederation might be, naturally shrink from what would unquestionably be the virtual termination of the Dutch national existence, proud and illustrious as it is. Therefore it is not at all unreasonable for France to hope that Holland may be induced to purchase, by the cession of a patch of land which has for her no earthly value, the protection and alliance of Prussia's great enemy. True, the duchy is already occupied

by Prussian troops; the population is almost exclusively German, and it is only amongst the upper classes that French leanings are found; and amongst the mass of German Liberals there would be strong opposition to its transfer to France. The speech of Herr Benningsen, an able and sensible man, in the North German Parliament, of which we received the report last week, reveals this clearly enough. On the other hand, the reply of Count Bismark showed plainly that the Prussian Government does not deny the sovereign rights of the King of Holland over the duchy, does not deny the unwillingness of the inhabitants to enter the German Confederation, and admits that if Prussia interferes at all with the discretion of the Dutch Government in the matter, it should only be after taking counsel of the four other great powers which concurred in the treaty of 1839, by which the duchy was, at the partition of Holland and Belgium, annexed to the former. In short, it is abundantly clear that, however much German sentiment may be opposed to the cession, Prussia does not claim the right of peremptory prohibition; and the whole question is, for the present at least, a debatable one. It affords plenty of ground for any quantity of negotiation; and this we make bold to say is the very thing which at the present moment France needs.

It must be remembered that France has no material advantage to hope for through war with Germany. Jena and Austerlitz cannot be repeated; no Frenchman dreams of it. What France would fight for would be the retention of the leadership in European politics which she has lost by the events of the past year. To fight for this, without having made the victory as sure as organization, arms, numbers, and leaders can make it, would be a piece of folly Frenchmen, with all their impetuosity, are not likely to commit. A defeat in the field now would fix France irretrievably in a second or third-rate position. Whenever, therefore, she challenges Prussia to a struggle for the ascendancy, we believe it will be when she is able to put all her resources into the hands of her generals. That hot-headed counsels do not prevail at the Tuileries is, we think, clearly proved both by M. Rouher's reply to M. Thiers and by the recent article in the *Moniteur*. In fact, it would be very hard to discover the "wild thirst for instant war" anywhere but in the London telegraph offices.

Of course, the expectation of a speedy beginning of the contest is partly based on the supposition that Prussia, knowing it had to come sooner or later, would not wait French convenience, but would at once avail herself of her present superiority of strength to put France *hors de combat* before she got her army reorganized or rearmed. Those who hold this theory are generally possessed with the idea that Prussia is a military monarchy like Austria, and that Bismark has been so elated with his late success in the field that he now stands ready to engage all comers. The fact is, however, that there is no country in Europe to which war, and, above all, a war of even moderate length, such as a war with France would be sure to be, would prove so burdensome as to Prussia, because in none would so little of the fighting be done by professional soldiers, and so much by men drawn suddenly from all the trades and professions. Other nations hire men to fight; in Prussia the whole community may be said to lay down its tools and go to the field; and no statesman who has to arrest the social machine whenever he mobilizes the army would ever think of doing so with the recklessness or alacrity with which the Emperor Napoleon or the Austrian Kaiser pours his forces into foreign territory to fight for a province or an idea. Prussia, though one of the most warlike of the great European states, has had a more peaceful history than any of them. In fact, from the foundation of the monarchy to the present day, a period of one hundred and fifty years, including the reign of the great Frederick and the wars of the French Revolution, she has enjoyed one hundred and twenty-five years of peace. Of which other of the great powers could this story be told? The last great war, too, cannot in any sense of the phrase be called a war of ambition or of aggression. It was but the expression in action of the desire of the German people for unity; and yet, tempting as the prospect seemed which it opened up to them, the hardships and sacrifices which the struggle seemed likely to entail were such that the popular opposition to it up to the moment when the army took the field was exceedingly fierce and bitter. And as to the prospect of a war of aggression, a war of pride or suspicion or of ambition, or, in fact, a war of any kind

cept a defensive and a strictly defensive war, we cannot do better than quote the words of a distinguished Prussian Liberal, Professor Sybel, now a member of the German Parliament, addressed last September to M. Forcade, and to which subsequent events have lent every month fresh force:

"With such an army [the Prussian] incredible things may at any given moment be accomplished; but what cannot be reached through it at any price is a state of prolonged war, such as a dynastic passion for conquest might create. With us the mobilization of the army is a calamity which strikes every farm, every counting-house, every fireside; there is not a single branch of the public service or of industry which the calling out of the landwehr does not touch. The country, you may be well assured, cannot impose such sacrifices upon itself except in supreme crises; our military organization is incomparable for strong defence or for energetic offence of short duration, but it is utterly incapable of serving the purposes of a policy of war and durable conquest. You recommend to the French Government the adoption of our military system. I can assure you that such a measure would be received by all Germany with the greatest joy as a pledge of peace and security."

LEGISLATIVE CORRUPTION.

THE legislatures of New York have had for years past an unenviable reputation for corruption, but the present Legislature has attained a bad pre-eminence in this respect. The sessions of 1857, 1860, 1863, and 1865 were scandalous to a degree that could hardly be surpassed, yet all accounts agree in representing that bribery is more flagrant at this session than ever before. A few voices protest that the bribes are really consumed by the lobby, and do not reach the legislators themselves; but this is a poor excuse, amounting only to this: that the Legislature, though honest itself, blindly obeys the wishes of corrupt men. It requires more faith than we can command to believe that a body of men should allow themselves to be controlled by a lobbyist whom they know to be heavily bribed without asking any share of the bribe for themselves.

The evil has been longer and more deeply seated in New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania than in the other States, though it is spreading over the whole country. It is notorious that no measure can ever be carried through the New Jersey Legislature without the consent of the Camden and Amboy Railroad corporation, nor through the Pennsylvania Legislature without the consent of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad Company. Those great corporations own the legislatures of their respective States, and can pass or reject bills at their pleasure. The New York Central Railroad Company has long exercised a powerful, though not undisputed, control over the legislation of its State, and its power is constantly increasing. In some of the Western States the influence of great corporations is plainly visible, and the tendency of the legislatures to general corruption is proportionably apparent.

Corruption does not necessarily or exclusively take the form of pecuniary bribes, though these are becoming more and more common. A member of the Legislature has almost always from one to a dozen pet measures upon the success of which his political future may depend. He soon finds that he can do nothing with these, however just they may be, without pledging his support to other schemes which may not commend themselves to his judgment. Thus he is driven to take the first step in trading his vote, and soon finds himself ensnared into the support of bills which he knows to be opposed to the public good. Having gone so far, it is plausibly urged upon him that, since he must sacrifice the public interest, he might as well gain some little private advantage. And having once voted for a bill because of a "friend" in it, or in the expectation of a share in its profits, it is easy to take the next step and accept a direct bribe. In this way many respectable men who commence public life with a horror of bribery gradually sink into habits of corruption.

The rapid growth of this evil does not necessarily prove that we are inherently worse than our ancestors. Fifty years ago there were few men or corporations of great wealth in America. Bank charters were almost the only prizes for which it was worth while to bribe a legislature; and it is matter of familiar history that these were granted upon terms as corrupt as the franchises of horse railroads are at the present day. Wealth has rapidly increased among us. Legislatures have the power of granting privileges immensely valuable, and great corpora-

tions, or men who, like Vanderbilt or Law, are corporations in themselves, are eager to purchase such privileges. They can better afford to offer \$50,000 for a grant than their fathers could afford \$1,000. Their agents crowd about the legislature, sometimes co-operating, sometimes competing with each other. Meanwhile the State legislatures are composed of men who are in the main no wealthier, relatively to the present condition of society, than the legislators of fifty years ago. Indeed, the growing urgency of business has drawn the most prosperous classes out of politics; so that legislatures consist chiefly of small farmers, village lawyers, and city adventurers living by their wits. To all such, the offer of \$100 for a vote is a sore temptation, and a profit of \$1,000 a session is more than they hope to make during the rest of the year.

The existence, extent, and gravity of the evil are scarcely disputed by any one. None dilate upon it more than professional lobbyists; since the more thoroughly their clients are convinced of the avarice of legislators, the greater will be their readiness to advance fees, of which the lobbyists retain the lion's share. But there is more impartial evidence than that of these men, and all the testimony on the subject is substantially one way. Indeed, the reckless grants of valuable franchises without reserving any compensation to the State or any protection to the people, the obstinate resistance offered to measures of the clearest merit, the sway which men having nothing but money exercise over legislatures, are utterly inexplicable on any other theory than the existence of wholesale corruption.

The great question is, What remedy can be applied with reasonable hope of success? Many remedies have been tried and have failed. One or two new ones are now suggested, which at least deserve consideration. The first is a great increase in the number of every legislature thus infected. The Legislature of New York consists of 32 senators and 128 assemblymen, all chosen by single districts. It has been found easy to control a majority of these bodies, and even to obtain a two-third vote when necessary. But it would not be so easy to control a Senate of 64 or 100 members, and an assembly of 300. Massachusetts has all the elements of corruption which New York has, with the additional temptation of a party majority so strong as to be impregnable; yet we have never heard its Legislature charged with subjection to corrupt influences. Its lower branch has 240 members, and formerly had over 400.

A return to the old system of election by counties is also strongly urged, as likely to secure a higher grade of members, and not without reason, as the list of candidates for the New York convention shows. The delegates are elected in groups of four, and in almost every district one or two of the four are very strong men whose reputation is depended upon to elect their associates. But the system of election by counties on a general ticket would put into the Legislature none but Democrats from one end of the State of New York, and none but Republicans from the other end, unless some plan for giving a representation to the minority were adopted. If this were done, all our objections would be removed. Thus, if New York city elected thirty assemblymen, an elector voting for only ten members might be allowed to give each of them three votes by marking a desire to that effect on his ballot. One who voted for only five might give to each six votes, and so on. In this manner the advantages of an election by the whole county might be secured without depriving the minority of representation.

On the same principle the State might be divided into eight Senate districts, as it was before 1847, and eight or ten members be chosen from each. This would relieve senators from the dictation of local politicians, which is rarely exercised for good purposes, while it would bring into service men of high standing without depriving younger men of an opportunity to come in upon their merits.

An extension of the rule forbidding special legislation where general laws are possible would undoubtedly do some good. Bad as affairs are in New York, they would be far worse if the Constitution of 1846 had not laid restrictions upon special charters. A similar but more stringent rule should be applied to legislative grants of all kinds to the utmost practicable extent.

The suggestions here made mainly refer to the State of New York, in which a Constitutional Convention is soon to be held. But the same

principles apply to all States. Pennsylvania is probably in a worse condition than New York, the Legislature there being smaller, more easily purchasable, and more habitually corrupt. The Western States will do well to take warning in time, and not run the risk, through a mistaken economy, of bringing the same evils upon themselves.

OUR LOVE OF LUXURY.

THE anecdote related of the King of Prussia in another column will probably astonish a great many republicans who think the free spending of money one of the essential attributes of royalty. The fact is, however, that in this age wild and reckless expenditure, without rhyme or reason in it, is now more frequently seen in republican circles than in royal or aristocratic ones. Until within the last forty years the wealthiest class in the greater portion of the civilized world has always been the landholding class, and one of the peculiarities of this class has always been the uniformity and even monotony of the lives of its members. Their income was generally fixed and varied very slightly from year to year. They were exposed to no striking or extraordinary vicissitudes; most of the calamities which afflicted other people, except wars and revolutions, did not affect them. The calm of their existence and the certainty and invariability of its revenues were, of course, very favorable to the formation of fixed habits, of fixed ways of dressing, eating, going about, and spending money, which naturally came down from generation to generation. The result was that they were not, on the whole, an extravagant class. They have in most countries become impoverished, but only in one or two, Ireland and Poland, through sheer waste of money. In others they have been borne down by political troubles, and by the difficulty of providing for the younger members of families, owing to their rigid exclusion from the privilege of earning their own bread by any kind of honest labor except military service. Everything considered, we believe that the landed aristocracy of every old country would be found to have been on the whole a careful, prudent, and thrifty body of persons, resisting the influences of idleness, of imperfect education, and the temptation to display as a means of impressing "the lower orders" with great persistence and, on the whole, great success.

It has, however, ceased to be the richest class of the community. The English lord or Russian prince is no longer the fat goose which the Continental hotel-keepers long for and love to pluck. The animal now generally presents himself in the shape of an American or English cotton-spinner or contractor or inventor or trader. But then the rich European of the commercial class is a good deal influenced in his mode of spending his money by the example of his aristocratic neighbors. Of late years the landed aristocracy, finding they were ceasing to be the richest portion of the community, and that in mere external display, whether of equipages or clothes or furniture or plate, large numbers of people who have made their money in trade find no difficulty in outshining them, have affected great sobriety in all these particulars. A duke's carriage and harness are now pretty sure to be amongst the plainest to be seen in any crowd of equipages; and the duke himself, instead of going about in pink or blue satin, belaced, beruffled, and beespangled as his great-grandfather did, is probably one of the most quietly dressed men to be seen in street or park.

Of course this influence is only an imperfect one; on the Continent particularly, where the line between the nobles and bourgeoisie is strongly drawn and cannot be rubbed out even by wealth, it is very imperfect; but still it exercises some influence. Moreover, it is so difficult in the Old World to make a large fortune that very few men do it without undergoing a good deal of discipline and chastening in the process, and without having their imaginations tamed, their desires cooled, and their nerves a little shaken, so that when they reach the summit of their ambition they are apt to be willing enough to sit down and live as they have always lived. In America, however, men reach great wealth every year in the full vigor of their powers, and without having any models before their eyes for imitation, and without having lost on the way a particle of their energy, and with an untamable desire to "enjoy their money." This is generally no easy matter, and the devices by which they seek to extract pleasure from "the pile" are amongst the most amusing and singular phenomena of our time, and it is the oddity of these devices, particularly as practised in this city, and the somewhat lavish expenditure of money by Americans travelling in Europe, which have created and spread abroad the notion so prevalent both here and abroad that Americans are a wildly extravagant people. This impression is strengthened, too, by the dismal outcry which one of our leading newspapers makes every year over the enormous amount we spend in "foreign luxuries," silks, wines, and so forth, and the sapient assertion which it makes year after year that we are running in debt to Europe for them.

Now the fact is that, judged by the only rational test of economy, the difference between income and expenditure, the Americans are the most economical people in the world. There is a popular fallacy that extravagance in living is good for trade, and that the poor are helped by rich men's spending a good deal in food and drink and clothes and plate. Every cent spent in any of these things is, however, on the contrary, subtracted from the national capital, as if not spent in this way it would, if left in bank or invested, be used in employing productive labor. But it is also a fallacy to suppose that the nation as a whole spends more in luxuries than it can afford to spend. When wisacres run down to the Custom-House, examine the tables of imports, and come back wringing their hands over the general extravagance, they forget that, although silks and satins are imported or manufactured in bales and boxes, they are intended to be cut up into single dresses, and are bought by individual women who, as a general rule, know how much they can afford to lay out on such things, and lay out this and no more. At the bottom of two-thirds of the lamentations we hear about the luxury of the times there is the feeling that nearly everybody is living beyond his means. The truth is there is hardly anybody who does not live within his means. Political economists have called man "an exchanging animal;" they might with almost as much accuracy call him a saving animal. It needs very little reflection to see that if the majority of people, or any but a very small minority, spent more than, or even as much as, they earned, the growth of wealth in every country would cease altogether, and not only this, but positive decline would soon begin. Every house and church and bridge and road and aqueduct and work of art and ornament and book in the United States is due to the general habit of saving something out of the yearly income. The enormous increase in the total wealth of the country which is recorded in each census report is due to the same cause. In fact, there is nothing which people do more generally, more zealously, more eagerly, and more anxiously, than save; there is no instinct in human nature, except the parental instinct, stronger than the instinct of accumulation. Therefore, when we take up the Custom-House returns, and read that this year and last year we bought an enormous quantity of champagne and diamonds and lace and silks and pictures, it is very absurd to rush to the conclusion that we are ruining ourselves and getting these things on credit. These things are brought over for the use of separate families, and these families will not, as a general rule, spend one cent more on them than their income allows them to spend, after meeting all debts, dues, and demands and making a comfortable provision for the future. We should never think of walking into Stewart's store on Broadway and rebuking the ladies we saw there buying expensive dresses, on the ground that they were purchasing things they could not afford; and yet this would be the same folly, on a smaller scale, of which an editor is guilty when he berates the nation at large on this ground for purchasing "foreign luxuries." The process which is witnessed every day at Stewart's is going on in every other town and village. Men and women who find that they have money to spare, go and spend it in the nearest store on dress or jewellery or food, which they do not absolutely need, but which they do not choose to do without. However, let business become "dull," or, in other words, incomes diminish, and forthwith a great portion of the output ceases. The mass of people, not being "born naturals," on seeing their surplus dwindle, begin to save more zealously than ever, and cut off all superfluous outgo. Gentlemen who write moral articles on luxury in the newspapers flatter themselves that their warnings are necessary to bring about this result. This is a mistake. People save in hard times without hints from the newspapers, just as naturally as they put up their umbrellas when it begins to rain. When they begin to retrench, of course the sale of luxuries begins to fall off and importers cease to import. Some importers, of course, are pretty sure to be caught with a large stock on hand; but this is the result of their own imprudence or want of foresight.

Whether it is well for people, even for those who have money to spare, to spend money in luxuries, is another question which has been discussed for four or five thousand years. In the ancient world luxury was the horror of the philosophers, and in the earlier ages of Christianity it was the horror of the fathers of the Church, whose indignation never glowed with so fierce a flame as when they denounced it. It is becoming the fashion in our day to think that both were mistaken; but we confess we do not think they were. In the ancient world both moral and intellectual culture were in so low a stage that luxury almost always assumed the form of gross sensual and selfish indulgence, which was gratified at any cost of suffering to others, and there was hardly any wealth which was not the result either of plunder or unrequited toil. Whenever any community of that age grew in wealth, it was almost always as the result of conquest; and the pleasures of the great were apt to bear a very strong resemblance to the orgies of a

bandit's cave. And we do not deny that luxury in our own day, in any community or set or circle which has not been prepared by moral and intellectual culture to place a just value on merely material comfort, and to make it what it should always be, the accompaniment or casing merely of more subtle, more refined, and more lasting enjoyment, is apt to be about as repulsive as luxury in the days of Sardanapalus or Lucullus. There are circles in Paris and in this city of New York whose pleasures, if they were not surrounded and held in check by a Christian public opinion, would become as animal, and would display as little evidence of sentiment or taste, as any which disgraced the Lower Empire. But then to the luxury to which the great mass of the people both here and in Europe treat themselves, and to the measure in which they enjoy it, no just objection can be made. The end of labor and the end of economy and the end of art and science is to promote human enjoyment. If we saved for the mere purpose of heaping up dollars, our industry and forethought, in their moral and social aspects, would be in no respect superior to those of the beaver or the squirrel. We save that we may enjoy—that we may have the means of gratifying all innocent tastes and desires, for the delight of our senses, within the limits prescribed by religion and morality. It is, in fact, the love of luxury that we owe nearly all our progress in civilization. It is it which keeps art and invention alive and busy, and gives each generation nearly every material advance on its predecessor; for it must not be forgotten that the luxuries of one age are the necessities of the next. If we destroyed it, we should destroy what is in our day and generation, and must have been in all times of progress, the great spring of human activity.

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, March 22, 1867.

A MATRIMONIAL alliance worth a passing mention, as showing how "the ends of the earth" are being brought together by the increased facilities of inter-communication which form one of the most characteristic features of the day, is that of a young widow of this city, daughter of a defunct architect, a Frenchman, who began life as a teacher of French in London, where he had the honor of assisting the late Richard Cobden to the knowledge of the French tongue which he afterwards turned to such good account for both nations, with the grandson of no less a potentate than the Sultan Muley-Soliman, Emperor of Morocco, Prince Abdallah-El-Gueunaoui. The father of the new Princess Gueunaoui made a good income by his teaching, and, having married a thrifty English wife, invested his savings in the wild land outside the now vanished Barrière de l'Etoile, which was then the limit of Paris in the direction of the Arc de Triomphe. Having become the owner of a large part of the waste land which has now become the Avenue d'Eylau, the ex-teacher of French built a couple of handsome houses, from which, even at the comparatively low rate of rents then prevailing in a region but vaguely known to the Parisians, he got an income that covered the costs of his land. As the ground, on the extension of Paris by the pushing back of its "barriers," has since risen enormously in value, the family of Mr. Cobden's old professor are now many times millionaires; and it is one of these ladies—a young, charming, and unencumbered widow, whose first "wentur" was a baron, who died soon after his marriage—that has now become the granddaughter of the Emperor of Morocco!

The leading events of the Parisian world during the past fortnight have been M. Thiers's great speech in the legislative chamber—as usual, a fine "wind-bag;" the performance of Verdi's new work, "Don Carlos," at the Grand Opera; that of Ponsard's drama of "Galileo" at the Gymnase Theatre; and of that of Alexander Dumas, Jr., "Les Idées de Madame Aubray," at the same brilliant temple of scenic fiction.

The excitement created by the new plays of the two eminent dramatists has been about equal in both cases. The Emperor and Empress went early to both, were among the most energetic in their demonstrations of satisfaction, and remained in both cases to the very end. "All Paris" was at both in its most splendid toggery, and the enthusiasm of the crammed and brilliant auditory was equally roused by both. Critics object to the first that the *Galileo* of the popular author of "Les Vieux Garçons" is not the Galileo of history, but they admit that, assuming the illustrious astronomer to have been in private life the exalted hero of M. Ponsard's imagining, nothing could be more magnificent, in its way, than the drama in which he figures as the principal personage.

In regard to the last triumph of the author of "La Dame aux Camélias," the myriad-headed monster which makes and unmakes the artistic reputations of the day has but one voice as far as concerns the talent, the charm, the scenic skill, and brilliant imagination displayed in the development of the ideas of which the new play is the vehicle. In regard to the ideas

themselves, though considered as "utopian," "socialistic," and quite out of reach of the practical acceptance of humanity in the present stage of the world's progress, they are admitted to be fine, generous, and noble. The new piece is thus a great success, and its appearance ranks as one of the leading events of the season. On the fall of the curtain the author was called for with the most enthusiastic demonstrations, and as Alexander Dumas, Jr., having no taste for ovations, had modestly hidden himself and refrained from appearing, the house turned to the box from which Alexander Dumas, Sr., with his daughter, had witnessed the new triumph of their relative, and gave vent to its enthusiasm by shouting "Vive Alexander Dumas, the son!" "Vive Alexander Dumas, the father!" "Vive all the Dumas, from generation to generation!" The elder Dumas, who adores his son and is extremely proud of him, and who also greatly delights in ovations, was radiant with satisfaction at this demonstration; and being surrounded, as he descended the steps of the theatre on his departure from the house, by a crowd of applauding friends and acquaintances, was near being beguiled, by the depth of his emotions, into a speech. In fact, he had just opened his mouth and apostrophized those about him as "My dear friends! my children!" when his son, shooting out of the house, in his desire to escape the congratulations of his friends, much as a bomb does from a cannon, encountered his father, and put a period to his incipient eloquence by clapping him round the neck and kissing him, and then leaping into the carriage that was waiting for him and driving away before the assembled crowd had had time to recognize him. Whereupon the elder Dumas, with an expressive wave of his hat, hastened to get into his *coupé*, with his daughter, and followed his son's example by driving off without further delay.

But if public opinion is unanimous in praising the two brilliant dramas now alternating on the *affiches* of the Gymnase, a word war has been raging here as to the merits of Verdi's new opera. The truth of the matter is that Verdi, infected by the Wagnerian virus, has tried hard in "Don Carlos" to turn a deaf ear to the melodic prompting of his genius, and to produce, instead of music properly so-called (that is to say, the result of musical science employed in giving a harmonious body to a divinely-inspired soul of melody), an imitation of the pompous cacophonous emptiness for whose glorification the bewitched young King of Bavaria is actually building in his little capital, at Wagner's suggestion and according to the plans drawn for the building by Wagner himself, a "Wagner-Theatre" that is to cost between six and seven millions of francs! Every now and then Verdi's genius has been too strong for the fetters by which he has tried to confine it, and has burst forth in lovely airs, delicious duos and trios, and glorious choruses, equal to anything that has ever issued from the teeming brain of the most fertile of operatic composers. The whole of the third act is magnificent, an admirable sequence of the most charming musical creations from beginning to end, equal if not superior to anything he has ever written. The rest of the work (in *five* acts, be it remembered!) is a dreary mass of mere noise, shapeless, colorless, soulless, worthy in all respects of the wind-bag of "science, falsely so-called," whose hollow inflation Verdi has unwisely been striving to ape. The admissions of friends, as well as the denunciations of foes, will probably not be without their effect on the brilliant genius which, if only true to itself, may justly claim the foremost rank among the operatic writers of the Italy of to-day. Before leaving Paris Verdi entrusted to one of his friends the work of cutting down the Wagnerian portions of "Don Carlos," and the opera, like the leaves of the Sibyl, becomes shorter with every successive representation. People go in crowds every night in time to hear the beautiful third act, unceremoniously leaving the fourth and fifth to be played, like the first and second acts, to empty benches.

The excitement of the opera-going world on the first night of the new work was unprecedented even in the annals of Parisian dilettanteism. For days beforehand every place was taken, and as the hour of opening drew on, two hundred francs and even larger sums were given for single places. Boxes innumerable changed hands to the tune of a thousand francs, and just before the time for beginning one hundred and fifty francs were joyfully paid for standing room. The Imperial pair, with a brilliant court, were in the house before the first note of the new work was struck; the Emperor in ordinary evening dress, the Empress in white muslin, but her head and neck ablaze with diamonds so magnificent that they seemed to light up everything about her. Every part of the house was crammed, with the exception of the box of the Marquis du Halley-Coëtquen, a man of high birth and fashion deceased a few hours previously, a noted duellist, who, as a matter of fashion, had rented the same box for many years, showing himself in it regularly every evening for a few moments, but who, it is believed, never heard the whole of any opera in the entire course of his life.

The speech of the historian of the First Empire, who is so hearty a hater of the Second Empire, created fully as great an excitement as the first rep-

resentation of "Don Carlos." More than ten thousand demands for places in the Strangers' Gallery were sent to the President of the Chamber, Count Walewski; over five hundred similar prayers are said to have been addressed to a single member of the legislative body! Of the lucky applicants who obtained the tickets so eagerly sought after, many passed the night and the early hours of the morning at the doors of the building in order to make sure of obtaining eligible places, just as, by a curious coincidence, people were doing in London, at the same time, at the doors of the House of Commons, in their wild desire to be present at Disraeli's exposition of the intention of the present Government in regard to reform; and, as was done in London, larger prices were paid for tickets to persons willing to sell than were ever before known to be paid for a similar purpose. Of course neither the Emperor nor the Empress was present at a speech which it was known would be covertly aimed against the Imperial dynasty; but all the princes and princesses of the reigning house were there, with as many of the lions and lionesses of the day—diplomatic, official, literary, artistic, and financial—as could be squeezed into place within the four walls of the building. The speech, very splendid as a piece of oratory and occupying four hours in its delivery, was a mere iteration of the one idea of its distinguished author, to wit: that the glory and aggrandizement of France is and should be the one sole aim of French statesmen, and that the glory and greatness of France is lessened by the growth of her neighbors; and that, therefore, the first duty of all French governments is the prevention of such growth; the summing up and conclusion of the orator being that the Emperor Napoleon has weakened France and dimmed her glory by not preventing Italy and Germany from constituting themselves respectively into a powerful nation upon her borders. M. Thiers, of course, never stopped to explain by what means the Emperor could have prevented the events in question, nor to remind his hearers that France is herself a mere agglomeration of former jealous and hostile tribes, the result of just such a nationalizing process as is now converting into two homogeneous and powerful nations the peoples of the fair southern peninsula and the long divided Vaterland. After the blowing of this soap and water through the pipe-stem of his "fixed idea," amidst the tokens of admiration elicited by the skill with which he performed the feat and the iridescent eloquence with which he adorned his bubble, the ex-minister who did so much towards achieving the overthrow of his royal master hurried off to his home, where he dined in great haste, and then drove to the office of the *Moniteur*, where, rolled in warm flannel, and comforted with basins of hot soup, he passed the night in correcting the proofs of his oration, as he did after his great speech of last session, with the difference that last year he got back to his home by three o'clock in the morning, whereas this time he did not get home till seven. M. Thiers, who at seventy-four is the adored husband of a young and wealthy wife, and is equally adored and petted by his mother-in-law, lives "in clover" in his beautiful hotel of the Place St. Georges. His study is the most delightful place of its kind conceivable; an oblong room, whose many windows open upon a gallery looking out upon a garden so skilfully laid out and planted that it produces the effect of a park. Clumps of trees and shrubbery, fountains and statues, and in the centre a fine old tree, up which climb a mass of creeping plants, add to the illusion, and seem to transport you from the densely populated and noisy quarter which you quitted on entering the house into the very depths of the country. This study is a happy blending of the library, picture gallery, and curiosity shop. Masses of books, pamphlets, plans, and atlases; copies in water-colors of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, and the other great lights of Italian art; marbles, bronzes, and artistic objects from every corner of the world, adorn the room in which M. Thiers has received so many distinguished visitors of every nationality.

M. Berryer's study, less sumptuous, but occupied by him for forty years, is threatened with demolition, to the intense grief of the aged barrister, who says that it would take him twelve months to get his pamphlets and books into order, and plaintively asks, "What amount of indemnification could compensate me, at my age [he is over eighty], for the loss of a year of my life?"

M. Victor Cousin, who was equally attached to his rooms at the Sorbonne, has left his magnificent library to that ancient seat of learning, with a handsome sum of money for keeping it up, on the express condition that his beloved books shall never be removed from the equally beloved rooms in which they have been gradually collected, studied, and enjoyed by their late owner.

CRETE.

CANEA, March 10, 1867.

ONE month from to-day ends the first year of the great Cretan revolution, the most desperate, apparently unequal, and eventful of all the strug-

gles for freedom which that pugnacious and much-enduring people has passed through since the fall of Constantinople. On the 11th of April, 1866, met the nucleus of the assembly which has earned immortality as far as human history can give it. In one sense among the most powerless, in another it has shown itself the most powerful of all legislative bodies, for the implicit and unfaltering obedience of the people to this assembly is truly marvellous. A band of fugitives flying from one mountain fastness to the other, unable to defend itself from direct attack, without money (until very recently), without any command of supplies, often obliged to abandon its enterprises for want of ammunition and provisions, unable to enforce its will in any district of the island, has yet maintained order, directed and controlled the whole population, counteracted all the intrigues of the government, and now compels the diplomatic consideration of the world.

And as conclusion to this glorious episode in the life of the Greek nation we shall be told by the governments that this people cannot be trusted to govern itself, that they have not yet developed the qualities necessary to constitute a stable government, and that they must be relegated awhile longer to a system of political swaddling-clothes and be bolstered and laced and weighted into a deformity according to the pattern set, and then after a few years more, finding that their régime has perverted the noble qualities, sapped the native vigor, and checked the healthy development of the political character of the people, they will find another apology for the continuance of that "protection" which to-day is the cause more potent than any other of the Greek national feebleness. Grant that the Greeks are not yet capable of self-government, how shall they become so? By a course of meddling and marring which shall effectually prevent the nation from following its own bent towards such institutions as they would naturally develop, or by a little judicious letting alone? I know that there are people, who ought to know, who do not see any political future for the Greek race, and while I respect the opinion they hold and express, I beg to differ *toto celo* and on two grounds: 1st, The general characteristics of the race are pre-eminently the coherent qualities, love of national glory, high courage, thirst for intelligence, money-getting, and administrative energy; and 2d, The obstacles against which the little Hellenic kingdom has so far struggled and the amount of meddling and intriguing it has survived satisfies me that there is more political vitality in it than in any race south of Prussia and between the Channel and the Danube, except the Swiss. I am sick and weary of the twaddle of the nameless and numberless who cannot cease to harp on Greek brigandage and demagoguism, as if all of Southern Italy and most of mountainous Spain was not in a state far worse; and as if a worse demagogue than there is in Greece had not a long time governed without serious opposition one of the principal countries of Europe and was not supported by the majority of his subjects unmurmuringly in what he chose to do. Will any man whose memory goes back to the days between Feb., '48, and Dec., '52, pretend that Greece is an anarchy? Will a Frenchman tell us that she is incapable of order? Or will even an Englishman, remembering the Chartist riots, twaddle about the mob of Athens? Can we, looking breathless into the abyss from which eternal wisdom rather than our own virtue saved us, say that there are only in Greece men so lost to all patriotic feeling that they would have sacrificed their country's glory and future to their personal and party ambition, or whose party spirit could endanger the common weal?

I entertain no delusion on the Greek race, or honor dead virtues in the living breed. I do not idealize it a bit. I know the common people to be in general disposed to lying and stealing in a small way, and some of them in a large way, but I know few races of Southern Europe who do not add to these vices others that dwarf them; and I know, too, that the Greeks have, for some three thousand years, had perverted notions of the utility of honesty and conventional notions of truth. But in what they accept as a solemn and binding engagement few people are more strictly responsible.

Captain Boutakoff, of the *Grand Admiral*, told me a curious case in illustration of this which occurred when he was embarking the families on the coast of Selinos. The old people who came down to meet the boats had been so often deceived by the Turkish ships that they would not believe that the Russians were Russians, and no ocular proof would convince them. They demanded a declaration in writing that they were Russians and not Turks; receiving this, they called to their companions in hiding to come out, when in a moment the whole coast thereabout swarmed with Cretans issuing from clefts in the rocks, caves, bushes, etc., until thousands came down. A Cretan does not feel hurt at your disbelieving his word; but if you won't accept his written declaration, the insult is of the gravest, and rarely merited. The Cretan reverence for an oath or any formal declaration surpasses that of any other nation I know. "I'll give it to you in writing" is the final declaration of the Cretan, and one may generally accept it.

I have been accused of confounding the modern Greeks with the ancient

ones, and asking sympathy for them accordingly, and I unhesitatingly plead guilty, but because I do not overrate the latter. I believe they were worse *canaille* than the moderns, that in no civic virtue did the ancients ever surpass or, perhaps, equal their successors of to-day, and that no more signal proof of the progress of national character can be shown, out of America, than the contrast between the divided and belligerent states of Crete of B. C. 100 and the orderly and united action of the Cretans of to-day. Even in the last great revolution the Cretans would not fight under the "Hellenic" chiefs, while now not a sign of jealousy has so far appeared, though all the military chiefs are from Greece. Corakas follows Coroneos as his lieutenant, and Crenis and Hadji Michali Zimbrakakis; and the whole people, deaf to all allure, respond to every proposition or question, "Annexation to Greece." Is Saul also amongst the prophets? one is disposed to say, thinking of the hundred cities and their century-long wars. I am afraid my accusers got their idea of the ancient Greeks from the friezes of the Parthenon, and that of the modern from the pages of English travellers; about as intelligent judges of the Athenians as of the Illinoisans. I believe the Hellenes were never better in any respect than now, and once were in many respects worse.

The thirst for knowledge is something amazing. A physician of Canéa assured me the other day that he found in Karamia, a village on the borders of Sphakia, a class in French; and, oppressed with taxes as they are, the Cretans still keep up their schools by their voluntary contributions in almost all the villages of the island—a devotion to learning of which, I am sure, no country town out of New England, and few in it, are capable.

And here one strikes the dividing line between the native Mussulmans and Christians. The former rarely read and write, and seem indifferent to schools or any acquisition of information, while the latter are insatiable; the faces of the former wear a heavy, stolid expression, as if without hope and without future, souls being slowly emburied, retrograding. In my journeys in the island before the war I scarcely found a Mussulman village that was not dilapidated and decaying. The Christians are like another race, though only a few generations divide them from the Mussulmans. The latter are sinking into barbarism, the former emerging from it.

The war has given place to a virtual armistice in most parts of the island. The troops, thinned and demoralized, are inefficient, and we shall probably have little to record in future in the way of fighting. The suffering of the families is still great; for, though spring has come (the children are eating the green almonds from the trees at my door), there are few of the comforts of life left here, and many of the people in the island have not seen bread for six months; few have eaten any for three. We have not yet seen the ships of our navy which THE NATION reports as carrying off the families. At one time, one of our ships leading off would have carried the whole fleet in Luda after her—Russian, Italian, Austrian, English—no one durst be the first; none would willingly be the last. Many days we looked and hoped, and the Cretans came to me, like the Ancient Mariner to the wedding guest, button-holing me to know when our ship was coming. Meantime the affair is terminating in another way. Thus far the Porte has gained nothing; the Cretans have lost nothing but their lost ones.

Fine Arts.

NOTES OF PAINTERS AND PICTURES.

THE LATE WM. H. FURNESS.

THE recent death of Wm. H. Furness, once of Philadelphia and more lately of Boston, is a heavy and a sad loss to those who knew the man or his pictures. It is as an artist that we speak of him here and now; but the personal character of the man is hardly to be forgotten in thinking of the probable future of his art. He was still young, and although what he had done was much, there was promise of greater things in the future. He had given his attention almost entirely to portraiture. His pictures exhibited in the New York spring exhibitions since 1860 have all been worthy of study. The portrait of a lady in the exhibition of 1865 was perhaps the most noticed and most admired; but other portraits have shown as admirable qualities and as great technical skill. He was in many respects the best portrait painter we had. His work showed, what is rare, a respect for his pictures and for his branch of art as profound and as sincere as it could have been had he painted sacred subjects only. But his art was sacred to him as a worthy pursuit which he followed worthily. His strength and his heart were put into every portrait.

We know but little of other work of his besides that which has been publicly exhibited in this city. It would be of great use to the student's art

and the community if a collection of his pictures could be made and exhibited at least in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia.

MR. HILL'S ETCHINGS.

Mr. John Henry Hill, a landscape painter, of whose work we have often spoken and always with the greatest respect, has published a set of twenty-five etchings of landscape subject. It is perhaps unnecessary to mention the peculiar advantages of etching over all other forms of multiplying a work of art. But the process is so unfamiliar here that it may be well to remind the reader that this alone of all processes for the reduplication of art is entirely in the hands of the artist himself. The etched plate is as much his own work as a single drawing on paper would be. Nothing is left that other and inferior hands can mar, except as the printing of impressions from the plate may be more or less carefully done. So that if one values the slighter work of an accomplished artist—whether it is the rendering of his minor thoughts, more simple inventions and wayside notes, or whether it is the translation into black and white of his more elaborate work done before—a collection of the painter's etchings is the desirable thing. And it often happens that a great thought finds its first expression on the small plate of copper and in the needle lines brushed with acid. One who buys the etchings of a master is buying his autograph sketches with all the chance of finding wonderful things here and there half hidden from less careful eyes, and the sketches in this form are imperishable.

Of the twenty-five etchings before us one is of a bird and one of a nest and eggs. The rest are all of landscape subject, though they range from an out-of-doors stone oven and a cluster of wild flowers to a distant view of Mount Washington and a twilight scene on the Androscoggin. Some of the pictures will be recognized by those who have looked at Mr. Hill's pictures in the exhibitions. But as he has never exhibited much, and of late years hardly anything, this set of sketches will be the first introduction to his work of many who will love it as it deserves.

Accompanying the plates there are a few pages of letter-press giving brief descriptions and briefer comments. In these few words is curiously and unconsciously shown much of the painter's feeling for nature, and much of his way of looking at nature. It will be useful to any student of drawing to read these two pages carefully and repeatedly.

No publisher's name appears on the pretty title-page etched by the author and bearing a vignette "Scene in the Androscoggin Valley." The words of the title are, "Sketches from Nature by J. Henry Hill, Nyack Turnpike, N. Y."

VERY "POPULAR" ART.

Mr. Charles A. Barry has drawn "five American ideal heads" which have been lithographed in Paris by Lafosse & Fuhre, "the most eminent lithographers in the world." The heads are of life-size. They "are typical of the faces of American women, and represent with infinite fidelity their charities, their devotion, their sympathies, their attachments, and their heroism, and, as pictures, they show most distinctly that artistic skill can no further go."

The circular from which we have gathered the facts and opinions given above mentions no name of publisher. The pictures are offered for sale by peripatetic "agents" at the price of twenty-five dollars for the set of five. We do not know that they have been advertised otherwise than by circular and by personal application, but presents of money are freely offered to writers for the press who will "notice favorably." The lithographs are really very well executed, though they are not at all "surprising" to those who are familiar with fine French work of the kind. They are as good as would need to be if the originals were very much better. The heads have very little expressional or artistic merit. Some are worse than others; the "Color Bearer" in particular is vulgar—what a New Yorker means when he says "Bowery"—and the "Before the Battle" is the weakest one of the lot; but all are weak and commonplace enough. The childish accessories, as the little cream-pitcher held by "The Angel of the Hospital" and the fire-cracker pistol in the grasp of "At the Front," help the pictures to be the toys they are. They belong to the weakest department of "popular" art, harmless except as they represent a waste of labor and money, but wholly powerless for good.

The circular contains short letters of ardent praise from O. W. Holmes, B. P. Shillaber, Harriet Prescott Spofford, H. B. Stowe, Charles D. Warner, and Benson J. Lossing. It is to be hoped that the too common recklessness in giving recommendations of the sort will disappear by-and-by. Among a people rather famous for their self-esteem it ought to right itself.

MR. ROTHERMEL'S "REPUBLICAN COURT."

Eighteen months ago Mr. Huntington's "Republican Court in the Time of Washington" was exhibited in New York, and was described and

criticised in THE NATION (Oct. 12, 1865, Vol. I., page 472). Mr. Rothermel has painted a picture called "The Republican Court in the Time of Lincoln," and this second chapter of a sort of history of society at Washington is now on view. It is introduced with less flourish than its prototype, but it has a better claim to be considered a historical picture, for the costume and accessories are a little more authentic. It is also brighter in color than Mr. Huntington's picture, and less disfigured by unnaturalness of gesture and pose. On the other hand, it is less happy in pictorial treatment, and less fortunate in its subject, on account of the extraordinary ugliness of the upholstery and decoration which disfigures the room in which the reception is held.

The portraits are not very striking likenesses. In some instances there is strong evidence that the heads have been studied from photographs and not from nature; thus General Meade and the ex-general McClellan looked a year ago very unlike the portraits of them here, while the photographic portraits of them, on account of the great change made by the reduction of natural colors to chocolate brown, are also very unlike the men and very like Mr. Rothermel's abstractions. So it would have seemed easy to portray General Burnside, whose strongly marked face and head, once seen, can never be forgotten, but the picture seems to us to give a caricature and not a likeness of the beloved governor of Rhode Island. The flesh painting and face painting are very feeble. The picture would hardly bear the light of day and is properly doctored by the glare of gas-light.

WATER-COLOR PAINTING.

We learn from the papers that a Water-Color Society has been established, of which Mr. Samuel Colman is president. It is reported that they propose to have an exhibition next fall, from which we infer that the Artists' Fund Society will be prevented from adorning their galleries with such a collection of water-color drawings as that which they had the good sense and originality to get together last fall. The Artists' Fund Society will have the consolation of having done a world of good to the art of painting in water-colors, in the way of making it a more recognized and esteemed branch of art. It has been very strange to see how indifferent to water-color work, how ignorant of its importance in other countries and of its possible value, the herd of picture buyers, picture fanciers, and picture-sale frequenters has always been in New York. The oil paintings are sold with deliberation and respectful tenderness; the auctioneer and audience "stand round" when the more admired pictures are put up; the Churches and Bierstadts, the Schesingers and Frères elicit applause, the bidding is interested and interesting. But with the knocking down of the last canvas all is changed. The grave auctioneer forsakes his throne, two-thirds of the audience retire, there is a rush of the small remainder for the chairs and stools, and a closing up around the stand of exhibition; a sprightly young salesman jumps up on a chair with a "Now, gentlemen, let's sell these drawings," the bidding is quick and in single dollars and half dollars, the drawings are handed over for what they will fetch in a minute's or two minutes' contest. Successful bidders call out "cash," collar their purchases, and walk off with them. The auction room is a fair test of the popular regard for the fine arts. It is indeed true that water-color drawings are little considered, and are not liked as well as velvet painting and decalcomanie, nor ranked much higher in the order of the fine arts.

It is to be hoped that the influences now at work may bring about a change, and that people may learn to look to painting in water color for those beauties and the rendering of those facts of nature which are so peculiarly its own to give, and which are not within the reach of painting in oil. To the art which is the most successful and generally influential in America, landscape painting, the one medium is as important as the other, each having its own peculiar power and grace.

Correspondence.

PRUSSIAN ECONOMY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Yesterday my tailor sent me a waistcoat which had been lengthened. This is not historical, I own; but what it reminded me of appears to me to possess this character.

Prussia is rising in greatness. Prussia is distinguished by Sadowna no more than by her financial system and total absence of extravagance. Well, then, my boyhood fell in the period of Prussia's deepest humiliation and oppression. After the peace of Tilsit, in 1807, the whole country was impoverished to a degree of which our generation has no conception. One day, in the year 1811, when I was a pupil of one of the gymnasia (the royal classical schools) of Berlin, I visited a fellow-pupil of mine, to work with

him at our Latin "exercise." He was the son of the King's tailor, and while we were engaged in our learned pursuit the royal tailor entered the room and said: "There, boys, this is your King's waistcoat; it was too short for him, and it has been sent to me to make it longer."

I was but eleven years old. I lived in the midst of scantiness; yet the impression made by Frederick William Third's sending to his tailor an article of dress to be patched seems to have been so strong that the occurrence came back to my mind when my tailor returned my vest in the new-born year of 1867.

It is true that progressive modern civilization and population stand in need of ever increasing wealth. Education, roads, religion, literature, national existence and grandeur, individual safety, the constant changing of rare comforts into common necessities, the wants of existence and of culture—all require increasing amounts of general wealth.

It is equally true that the greatest, the most heroic periods of nations have often proceeded from periods of great poverty and suffering, as the lives of most great men have been preceded by a youth of poverty and suffering, Martin Luther like.

It is equally true that there is nothing so enervating as national and individual extravagance. All nations once great have gone down, in antiquity and modern times, with elaborate cookery, superb furniture, costly pearls, gaudy dresses, and refined licentiousness. Assyria, Rome, France in the last century. Fearful revulsions alone can then resuscitate.

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THE NEST-BUILDING APES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

The reviewer of M. Du Chaillu's "Journey to Ashango-land" states very clearly the opposite views entertained by that traveller and myself respecting the use of the chimpanzee's nest. He says it is an umbrella; I say it is a bed. But I am very anxious that naturalists should also understand that it is not only the chimpanzee which builds a nest, but also the gorilla. In the first place M. Du Chaillu has not, to my knowledge, yet allowed that even the common chimpanzee builds a nest. In 1861 he informed us, through his first work, that he had discovered a nest-building ape. It was the *ushigo mboué*, or bald-headed chimpanzee. He distinguished it from all the other apes (the common chimpanzee among the rest) as the nest-building ape. In his "Journey to Ashango-land" it is not the *ushigo mboué* only, but also the *nkenko ushigo*, or yellow-faced chimpanzee, which builds a nest. These nests, he says, "were somewhat different in form from those I found in my former journey."

Now, one day (in 1862), when walking in the forest in the neighborhood of Goumbi, I saw a large nest, and the natives who were with me said that it was made by the chimpanzee (*ushigo*). They added that the gorilla (*ngina*) built one, too, and the next day they took me to see a nest which was built like the other one, only a little larger.

These nests were flat structures; the nest figured in M. Du Chaillu's book is umbrella-shaped. The nests sent to the British Museum I have not seen, but I will venture to assert that they are bed like nests; that they resemble the nest of the English wood-pigeon on a much larger and wider scale, and that they will not suggest to any unbiassed zoological mind the idea of being built to answer the purposes of an umbrella.

The chimpanzee's nest which I first saw was within half an hour's walk, the gorilla's within two hours' walk, of a town in which M. Du Chaillu resided for several months. These are facts which speak for themselves. Professor Owen, also, who has announced this pretended discovery of a nest-building ape, and who defended it lately on the platform of Burlington House, does not come out of the matter with clean hands. No one is better acquainted than Professor Owen with the memoir on the gorilla, by Messrs. Wyman and Savage, which was read before the Boston Society of Natural History in 1847, and afterwards printed in *The Journal*. He could scarcely have forgotten this passage:

"Their dwellings, if they may be so called, are similar to the chimpanzee, consisting simply of a few sticks and leafy branches," etc. And again, "In the wild state their habits are in general like those of the *Troglodytes niger* (chimpanzee), building their nests loosely in trees," etc.

I have, therefore, simply confirmed by my own observation a fact of importance in zoology, which had been previously asserted by Dr. Savage, the discoverer of the gorilla. The African ape is a nest-building animal. M. Du Chaillu and Professor Owen have done their best to retard the recognition of this fact, and to confuse it with an element of fiction; but it is, happily, one of those facts which can be readily investigated, and when investigated it will be again confirmed.

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LIST OF LOSSES PAID ON MEMBERS WHO HAVE DIED DURING THE YEAR ENDING DEC. 31, 1866.

AGE.	NAME.	RESIDENCE.	OCCUPATION.	AMOUNT INSURED.
30	Joseph A. Southard,	Richmond, Me.,	Ship Master,	\$2,000
22	Evander O. Tozier,	Boston, Mass.,	Tailor,	2,150
35	Chas. S. Stephenson,	New York, N. Y.,	Ship Broker,	2,000
25	John A. Curtis,	New York, N. Y.,	Auctioneer,	5,000
37	John A. Curtis,	New York, N. Y.,	Auctioneer,	2,500
36	Thomas J. Willard,	Portland, Me.,	Master Mariner,	3,000
23	Edwin H. Rand,	Charlestown, Mass.,	Clerk,	2,000
40	Thomas S. Foster,	Gardiner, Me.,	Merchant Tailor,	2,000
24	Eden P. Foster,	Jackson, Mich.,	Jeweller,	2,100
34	Calvin M. Burbank,	Lawrence, Mass.,	Clerk,	2,000
51	John W. Crafts,	South Boston, Mass.,	Provision Dealer,	10,000
33	Samuel W. Bliss,	Boston, Mass.,	Fruit Dealer,	2,000
35	Richard Turtle,	Chicago, Ill.,	Provision Merchant,	2,000
47	Francis Winter,	New York, N. Y.,	Lock Manufacturer,	3,000
31	D. B. Cunningham,	New York, N. Y.,	Merchant,	3,000
41	Robert N. Corning,	Concord, N. H.,	Railroad Contractor,	2,000
57	Saml. M. Candler,	Brooklyn, N. Y.,	Custom House Clerk,	2,500
40	Charles Lins,	Ashland, Pa.,	Druggist,	3,000
27	Francis Fischer,	Louisville, Ky.,	Hatter,	5,000
26	Zeno Kelly,	West Barnstable, Mass.,	Master Mariner,	1,500
43	Julius Helmann,	New York, N. Y.,	Carriage Maker,	2,000
49	George Draper,	New York, N. Y.,	Clothing Merchant,	2,000
26	Phillander M. Chase,	Charlestown, Mass.,	Milkman,	2,000
43	Henry Fishback,	Carlinville, Ill.,	Merchant,	3,000
22	A. C. Sutherland,	Detroit, Mich.,	Book-keeper,	1,800
30	Charles E. Poole,	Pittston, Pa.,	Coal Agent,	2,500
39	Emanuel W. Mace,	Chicago, Ill.,	Cigar Manufacturer,	2,000
37	Robert Clough,	Chicago, Ill.,	Stone Cutter,	2,000
30	Ellen Clough,	Chicago, Ill.,	Wife,	2,000
35	Robert H. Howe,	St. Louis, Mo.,	Agent,	5,000
19	George H. Dunlap,	Brunswick, Me.,	Gentleman,	10,000
49	Thomas W. Bams,	Boston, Mass.,	Merchant,	5,000
38	Isachai H. Brown,	Troy, N. Y.,	Druggist,	1,500
27	Zelotes W. Knowles,	Addison, Me.,	Master Mariner,	3,000
63	Lewis Wm. H. Glese,	Baltimore, Md.,	Merchant,	4,000
30	Eliakim W. Ford,	Albany, N. Y.,	Merchant,	3,000

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